FORBES
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Spirit of the Times

OFFICE { AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT, CORNER BROADWAY AND BARCLAY ST.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1838.

VOL. VIII. No. 45.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 22—Second night of the Tragedy of VELASCO: Izidora, by Miss ALEXINA FISHER.

MONDAY, Dec. 24—Mdlle. AUGUSTA'S BENEFIT. THE BROTHERS—LA SYLPHIDE—TOM NODDY'S SECRET—and THE TWELVE PAGES OF THE DUKE DE VENDOME.

TUESDAY, Dec. 25—GEORGE BARNWELL—MY UNCLE JOHN—and other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26—First night of Mrs. SHAW'S engagement. LOVE CHASE—and YOUTHFUL QUEEN.

THURSDAY, Dec. 27—The AUTHOR'S BENEFIT. VELASCO—and TOM NODDY'S SECRET.

FRIDAY, Dec. 28—Second night of the engagement of Mrs. Shaw. First night of Sheriden Knowles' new Play of MARIAN OF MARIENDORPT: Marian, Mrs. Shaw—and SECRET SERVICE.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 22, will be acted, A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES: Mr. Sedley, Mr. Latham—after which (first time) a domestic Drama, by the author of Leila, entitled ANNETTE, or THE FRUIT OF CRIME—to conclude with the Farce of DEAF AS A POST.

MONDAY, Dec. 24—For the BENEFIT of Mr. MITCHELL, the Stage Manager, on which occasion Mdlle. CELESTE will appear in two of her most popular characters, with a variety of Dancing, positively for *this night only*, as she leaves this city the following morning for Boston.

TUESDAY, Dec. 25—*Christmas Day*—A variety of entertainments of a popular character. [See Bills of the Day.]

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26—Mr. LAMBERT'S BENEFIT, when will be acted the Play of MAN AND WIFE, with other entertainments—to conclude with (1st time here) a new Drama called THE SPITFIRE.

THURSDAY, Dec. 27—ANNETTE, or THE FRUIT OF CRIME—with a new and popular Farce.

FRIDAY, Dec. 28—For the BENEFIT of Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS, when will be acted a Domestic Drama entitled LOVE'S FRAILTIES, with other entertainments—to conclude with the highly popular Farce of SHORT CUT & LONG CUT.

BOWERY AMPHITHEATRE,
Late Zoological Institute, No. 37 Bowery.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 22—First Music will commence at 7 o'clock, and the performances will commence at half-past 7, with the *Grand Poney Races*, showing an American Race Course in Miniature.

School of Gymnastics, in which Mr. Henry (the American nondescript), Master Franklin, Master Reynolds, and Master. H. Turner, will appear.

Mr. Gardner will go through the whole of his performance in imitation of *The Eastern Jugglers*.

Mr. T. V. Turner will appear in the laughable scene of *Monticeil and his Cook, Runfast*—Monticeil, T. V Turner; Runfast, Mr. Gardner.

Glee, Dame Durden, by Messrs. Gardner, Gossin, and Astin.

Master Kelly will appear in the character of an *Indian Hunter*.

Vaulting Exercises by the Eriel Gymnasiens, among whom Messrs. Rockwell and Gossin (Clown), will distinguish themselves by the number of Tourbillions they will throw in the Air.

Riding Master, Mr. Rockwell; Clown, Mr. Gossin.

At this period of the evening the first part of the performance concludes, and in order to render it convenient to those ladies and gentlemen who wish to take refreshments, or enjoy the conversation of their parties, fifteen minutes will elapse previous to the re-action of the performances.

A new Grand Entree, entitled *The Country Dance*.

Mr. Rockwell will introduce the beautiful Indian Poney, *Osceola*, who will perform the part of a Domestic. He will fetch and carry a hat, handkerchief, basket, &c.

Horsemanship, on Two and Three Horses, by Mr. N. B. Turner.

Song, Dinah Crow, by Mr. Gardner.

Mrs. Gullin, the Celebrated Female Equestrian, will have the honor of making her appearance and riding her graceful Act as *The Amazonian Maid*.

Slack Rope, by Master Franklin, a pupil of Mr. Rockwell.

Principal Act of Horsemanship by T. V. Turner.

The entertainments will conclude with a grand *Military Cavalcade* on Twelve Horses.

☞ NOTICE—The Managers of the Bowery Amphitheatre, at the solicitation of numerous patrons, beg to announce to their friends, "the public," that on CHRISTMAS DAY at TEN o'clock A. M., there will be a performance for the amusement of the Juvenile Classes—at TWO o'clock P. M. a Second performance will take place, for the amusement of those friends, whose residence being in the country, will prevent their attending the Evening's Amusements—and at SEVEN o'clock in the Evening the usual performance will be gone through with, for which they beg leave to refer to the Bills of the Day.

☞ Tickets can be had and seats secured on application to the Box Office, which is open from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M.

BELVIDERE CONCERT AND BALL ASSOCIATION,

ON the plan of the Argyle Rooms in London.—The managers beg to announce that arrangements having been made with Mr. Niblo for the use of his splendid Saloon and Banquet Rooms, their first CONCERT and BALL SOIREE will take place on Monday evening, Dec. 24, under the superintendence of a Committee, consisting of the following gentlemen:

Messrs. J. L Hewitt, 239 Broadway; P. McArdle, 11 Prince st.; J. F. Atwil, 201 Broadway; E. B Hart, 12 Lispenard-st; A. Kimball, 124 Pearl-st.; W. E. Millett, 375 Broadway; F. B. Earle, Solicitor, 92 Fulton-st.; Jas. Nisbett, 70 William-st; S. C Jollie, 385 Broadway; William Poole, 39 Burling slip; Treasurer, Moses Anstice, Esq., 25½ Wall st.; E. B. Hart, Secretary, 46 Wall-st.

☞ There will be Six Soirees during the season, one every fortnight. The arrangements of the Concerts will be confided to the care of Mr. Watson, and will comprise both Instrumental and Vocal Performers of the first talent. To give full effect to the dancing department, a first rate Band will be provided, and the newest and most fashionable Music will be selected and arranged expressly for the Soirees.

The subscription for the season will be $12, admitting a Gentleman and two Ladies. Any person desirous of subscribing, will be required to leave their name and residence with either of the following gentlemen:—Moses Anstice, J. F. Atwill, S. C. Jollie, (residence as above), and Mr. Watson, 33 Bleecker st., which will be submitted to the Committee for approval, when Tickets of Admission will be furnished, to be paid for on delivery.

The floor will be under the management of the Committee. There are comfortable and convenient dressing rooms and private parlors for ladies and gentlemen, and Supper and Refreshments will be in readiness during the evening—for which tickets can be procured at the Bar. The Concerts will commence at 8 o'clock, and the Dancing at half-past 9.

☞ The Investigating Committee are responsible to the managers for the respectability of every person admitted. [d8)

PEALE'S MUSEUM,
And American Portrait Gallery—Broadway, opposite City Hall.

RE-OPENED, with many Valuable Additions, Extensive Improvements, and an Enlarged Lecture Room. Open from 9 A. M., till 10 P. M. Novel and popular Entertainments.

Dr. VALENTINE, the Comic Lecturer, and delineator of Yankee Eccentricities, who will appear in a variety of new characters, and Mr. JENKINS, the vocalist, are engaged every evening for a short season.

Performance to begin at half-past 7 o'clock. For programme see Bills.

Admittance to the whole, 25 cents. Children under 10 years old, when with Guardians, half price.

Principals of Schools and Academies, with their Pupils, admitted on liberal terms.

Yearly Tickets for a Gentleman and Lady, $5—for a Family, $10. [d8-4t]

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

TO LET OR LEASE, for a term of years, the above well known establishment, situated in the most central part of Broadway, near Canal street, together with all the Scenery, Furniture, and fixtures.

The Scenery, &c., is nearly new, and the house has fixtures for burning Gas throughout, together with every other convenience which appertains to such establishments. To any enterprising leader of a Theatrical Company, an opportunity now offers which seldom is to be met with.

It will be rented on very favorable terms. Apply at No. 149 Water-st. [d15]

North and Price, the celebrated Vaulters, must look to themselves if the following paragraph, from the St. Louis "Bulletin," is to be implicitly relied on, but readers will recollect we published an account of North's performance at Astley's Amphi-theatre, some time since, from Bell's Life in London. North is an American, and if he *has* beaten any one in Great Britain, it will be seen that we have another Yankee that can beat *him*:—

Wonderful Vaulting.—The celebrated North, and the whole world beaten! We have at the present time in our city a gentleman, attached to the Circus, who has thrown *forty-six* somersets, beating North's great effort at Astley's Amphitheatre, London, five somersets. This great feat was performed by Mr. Richard Sands at Macanaw, Ill., very recently. This is certainly the most wonderful vaulting on record. This gentleman is an old acquaintance of the public as an Equestrian, and is, perhaps, the best general performer in the United States. He is an American, was born in New York, and, we understand, in the same neighborhood with the celebrated North, now in England. We hope Mr. S. will often visit our city, where he will always find encouragement for merit of a superior order. May he never be obliged to live in air for nothing, but reap substantial benefits wherever he may go.

Browne, late of the National, opened at the Camp-street, New Orleans, on the 6th, and is playing to good houses. Barrett appears to be doing a better business than Caldwell at the St. Charles.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—In lieu of a recital of all the performances of the week, let us recal those of Monday last, which will serve as a fair average of attraction and attendance during the engagement of Augusta.

The new farce, called "Tom Noddy's Secret," was the first in order. It is written by T. H. Bailey, Esq., and as we are informed by the bills, "is now performing at the Haymarket theatre, London, with great applause." It is neither very broad farce, nor is it a very lively play, but, nevertheless, fair enough to keep your attention excited throughout, and to yield a few hearty laughs at its ludicrous situations. It is chiefly notable at the Park for bringing out all the best of the stock company, and *none but good ones*. *Tom Noddy* himself is a feeble old schoolmaster, who flogged boys in Worcester in the days of the Stuarts. On the evening of the day of the famed victory of the Roundheads at that town, a royal cavalier rescues a child from danger, intrusts him to Tom Noddy for education, and leaves immediately for the Continent in the train of his master, thinking all the while that his little protegé is a boy. During his wanderings on the Continent, he continues his remittances for the support of the "individual," under this delusion. *Tom Noddy* has often and often been upon the point of clearing up the mistake, but his weak indecision and procrastination, and various circumstances, delay him, till at last he is altogether ashamed or afraid to do so, but broods in misery over the thought of the discovery which will one day be made by the cavalier. This discovery, the mistakes which delay it, the mysteries which embarrass it, and the happiness which follows it, form the nucleus around which all the interest of the plot, a little love, some jealousy, and more blustering, cluster. Placide plays *Tom Noddy* perfectly,—it will henceforth be cited as one of *his* old men,—as distinct in his conception as *Michael Perrin*, though infinitely less interesting. Richings plays the cavalier, *Capt. Osmond*, with all the cleverness the part will allow him,—looks dashing and gay, and falls in love in a twinkling. The most ludicrous character in the farce is the usher of the venerable *Tom Noddy, Inkpen* by name, which was admirably done by Chippendale. He keeps the house in perfect good humor by the fidelity of his conception and execution of that chivalrous pen-mender. Mrs. Richardson plays the pretty foundling, the mistake as to whose sex causes all the difficulties, and though the requirements of the farce allow her to do little more than exhibit herself in some changes of dress, now personating Gabriel to cheat the Captain, and *Gabrielle* to *win* him, she does that little well. And to conclude the enumeration, Miss Cushman enacts *Mary*, the niece of *Tom Noddy*, and the adored of *Inkpen*, with spirit and archness. It is characteristic of Miss Cushman to give herself to the study of her parts, however beneath her rank, with all industry and devotion. She plays the bar or chambermaid with as much care and fidelity as the heroine of any drama of Knowles. The effect of this study and exertion is constantly increasing excellence and popularity, and should secure her those more substantial rewards—a high salary, and good benefits.

These remarks upon "Tom Noddy" have been made for the purpose of commending those who have done such justice to characters of very little moment. We hear constant complaints of the inefficiency of the Park company. It doubtless possesses less strength than it has done at other times; but for all that, it is still unequalled in comedy by any one with which we are acquainted. In its chorusses and its ballet, too, it is where it always has been, entirely unsurpassed. The derangement in star engagements, caused by the departure of Mathews and Vestris, was unavoidable, and will surely be but temporary.

Returning to Monday evening, "Tom Noddy's Secret" was followed by the "Bayadere," re-produced in unequalled style, full in every part, and scarce demanding the slightest change. Augusta dances it beautifully; the ballet has been strengthened, and that portion of the play had never before such justice done it in this country. Mr. Bishop sings the music of *The Unknown* (entirely to our surprise) with the finest effect. Many of the most difficult passages were executed with a beauty and precision to which we did not believe him equal. Mr. Morley, if he cannot play *Olifour* with Richings, can sing it better. Nor even does he *play* it amiss; his conception is somewhat different, but not necessarily faulty. Further, always let Pearson play the Chofdar, instead of Russell. On the whole, the "Bayadere" never went off better. Full of variety in its action, affording the best situations for scenic display, requiring a ballet of rarest excellence, and a bayadere as beautiful as a Houri,—all of these constitute but a tithe of its merit: its music, of sparkling brilliancy and ravishing sweetness, is its highest charm, and will secure it lasting connection with the stage.

The evening's entertainments concluded with the burletta of "High, Low, Jack, and the Game," the most witty and musical of burlesques. In this, half the company distinguished themselves, Mrs. Richardson, Placide, and Fisher, soaring pre-eminent above the crowd as the sweet *Queen of Hearts*, and the Kings of *Clubs* and *Spades*. It is the best of the several burlettas for which the Park is famous, and cannot be too often repeated.

We wish to make the same qualification of our remarks last week upon "*La Sylphide*" that our friend of the "Star" has done. In reflecting upon the music, we had no allusion to that portion of it peculiar to the ballet, and would now beg to inquire if it may not be possible to cut down the opera to a short pure ballet? The dances are so beautiful, that all would like to see them; and yet the music of the opera is so little fancied, that it is a decided drawback upon their effect.

On Thursday evening the tragedy of "*Velasco*," by Mr. Epes Sergeant, was brought out in a style altogether satisfactory to the author and his friends. Play-goers, however, did not evince their usual eagerness to witness the first representation of a new tragedy, and the house was very thin. But from so small an audience we never heard so much applause. The usual error of young dramatists is to write for the closet rather than the stage. When composing, they should have a mentor by them, to call out at every half hour "stage effect, stage effect." Mr. Sergeant, happily, has fallen into no such error; his play is admirably adapted to the requisitions of our imaginary mentor, and the usual success follows. We will not, till we see it again, say anything of the tragedy itself. Mr. Hield sustains the part of *Velasco* with credit; as much should be said of Miss Cushman and Chippendale in their parts. Miss Alexina Fisher personates *Izidora* very creditably. But she lacks physical power for so heavy a line of business, as it struck us. But we will see her again. In Philadelphia Mrs. Sharpe sustained this part with her accustomed taste and spirit, and we need not say that the critics allow her to have done it most admirably. We can well imagine the effect of so striking a character in her hands; our Mrs. Richardson, likewise, would have done it greater justice. To night the tragedy is to be repeated, and all who feel a little nervous at the thought of sitting out a long *dull* play, and yet anxious to see every new *good* one, may rely upon us that "Velasco" belongs to the latter category, and will well repay attendance.

On Monday evening Augusta takes her benefit, and the bill is truly capital. The house is sure to be fashionable, but we hope, likewise, to see it crowded. If she be not too exhausted with her other efforts, she could not impart greater delight than by giving the beautiful *pas styrien*, in which she is inimitable. It will be seen that the entire receipts of the house, after deducting expenses, are to be appropriated to her benefit.

The National.—This has been a week of benefits at this house. Though his name has not been up for the specific purpose, the manager has participated in a continuous benefit of five nights, such have been the size of the houses. And more accurately, the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, were set apart successively for Mr. Wilson, Mr. Seguin, and Miss Shirreff. Following in this close order upon fourteen consecutive nights of opera, it would have been fair to anticipate the languor arising from a surfeit of music. But such was not the case, and the only difficulty is to say who had the most crowded house. One could have sworn on Wednesday that it could not be fuller, but on Thursday he would have been forsworn, when again the limit seemed to be attained. But Friday night wrought a further change, and we now begin to doubt altogether our own judgment of the capacity of the National to stow away music loving citizens. Miss Shirreff selected the "Sonnambula" for her benefit, Mr. Seguin "Amilie," and Wilson "Fra Diavolo." There have been other entainments on each evening, but as we know other pleasures as attractive as cooling one's heels in the lobby of the pit, we did not see "Cramond Brig," nor hear "No Song, No Supper."

We have room but for a line more. *Ticket-night* is approaching at this house, and we give one word of advice to our friends;—buy no tickets save of the outside box door-keepers, Toomer and Sweeney;—and if between these you are at a loss to discriminate, then favor the latter.—Toomer has just married a pretty wife, and needs less comfort—Sweeney admits you at the north door, wears a cloth cap, and is *always civil*; take a ticket of the box door-keepers *inside*, when they learn to be so. A similar event, "Ticket-night," is approaching at the Park. Here you may be excused for hesitating,—not to take tickets,—but of whom to do so. Follow our advice, and patronize them all round.

☞ *FRIDAY NIGHT!*—We have just returned from witnessing "*The Pages of the Duke of Vendome;*"—it is the most beautiful ballet we have ever seen, beyond all compare. The getting up of the piece is unequalled. Twelve beautiful pages, most tastefully attired, enact their boyish fun and amorous sports with marvellous effect. Augusta, at the head of the troupe, is the beau ideal of a beautiful boy,—Adonis was not more fair,—and till now, we had no idea of her elegance of mien, her grace of movement. By such pages sure was never real prince attended. Such skill in the dance, such precision in all their mimic evolutious, has not been seen upon our stage. The plot is simple, yet amusing, the scenery is new and beautiful, the music appropriate and pleasing, the groupings extremely pretty and effective, and we yield all credit for foresight if a brilliant house on Monday evening do not crown the whole with enthusiastic unanimous applause. A speedy return, say we, if he must leave us, to the beauteous Page of the Duke of Vendome!

Booth has just closed an engagement of five nights at the National, Cincinnati, to an aggregate of $3200. Scott & Thorne's company left for Vicksburg on the 18th ult. Dean, of the Pavillion, in the same city, has left for his winter quarters at Columbus, the capital of the State, prior to which Booth played with him three nights at Maysville, Ky. Lennox, a great card in the West, is the leading man in Dean's company.

Ellen Tree played but two nights at Pittsburg, and was detained so much by the interruption of navigation as to lose her engagements at Cincinnati and Louisville. Miss Clifton, who preceded her, was obliged to proceed by land via Maysville and Lexington to Louisville—played her engagement, and took the first boat for New Orleans, where she has probably arrived ere this, after stopping a week with Scott & Thorne at Vicksburg.

Since writing the above the Louisville "Daily Reporter" of the 11th instant has reached us, in which we find the annexed paragraph:—

"Messrs. Fogg and Stickney have received a letter from Miss Tree, written on board the steamer Troy, on her return to Pittsburg, stating that the state of the river precluded the possibility of her coming on at present. She says it is probable she may proceed to New Orleans by sea, via New York: and if so, there is yet a possibility that she may appear in Cincinnati before a great while."

A gentleman from Boston informs us that the receipts of Hackett's benefit were the largest ever known at the Tremont, from the sale of tickets at the ordinary prices, not excepting that given to Mrs. Wood, being $1167 75.

Mr. Allan's new drama of "*Annette*, or the Fruit of Crime," is to be produced at the National to-night. It is said to be a very clever production, and we hope a crowded audience will be in attendance to give the author a fair hearing.

Bianca Visconti.—It is announced that Mr. N. P. Willis has put his tragedy of *Bianca Visconti* to press. It was originally written for Miss Clifton, and possesses many beautiful passages, which will be agreeable in the closet. Mr. Samuel Colman, Fulton-street, is the publisher.

We are happy to announce that our friend N. P. Willis, Esq., has connected himself with a gentleman in this city, for the purpose of establishing a Literary Gazette, in which *all his future contributions to the periodical press will appear*, he having permanently associated himself as joint editor to the same. We hope shortly to announce the name and character of this forthcoming hebdomadal, and shall welcome its appearance with hearty good will for its complete success.

We are requested to say, that Mr. Willis having withdrawn from the *Mirror* by mutual consent of parties, no farther contributions of his will appear in that paper except such as may be already in hand.

"*The Private Journal of* Aaron Burr during his residence of four years in Europe," &c. &c. and "The Works of Lord Chesterfield, including his Letters to his Son, &c. to which is prefixed an original life of the Author," have recently been published by the Harpers. In our contracted limits (to be enlarged in the next volume,) we have not room to notice all the works which may be sent to us, but such is the interest and value of those above, that we beg to direct attention to them. The "Journal" of Burr fills two large and well printed octavo volumes,—the works of Chesterfield form a single octavo of nearly seven hundred pages. The extreme interest of the subject will cause Burr's journal to be widely circulated; the unfailing utility of Chesterfield's Letters to his son give to the other work the highest value.

Oliver Twist.—Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have conferred an especial favor upon the reading public by the publication, in 2 vols., of this story—the best "Boz" has ever written. It is published, too, several months in advance of the regular monthly issues in Bentley's Miscellany, and we have to thank them most cordially for placing in our hands (through the Messrs. Carvills) at so early a day, one of the most touching, graphic, and intensely interesting stories of "Life in London" we ever read. Of this department of literature, "Boz" (Charles Dickens) stands now completely at the head; indeed, we had rather have been the author of "Oliver Twist" than of any novel of the last ten years.

We are indebted to the same Philadelphia house for Kennedy's new novel of "*Rob of the Bowl*"—for Cooper's "*Home as Found*," and for Capt. Glascock's "*Land Sharks and Sea Gulls.*"

George Adlard, 46 Broadway, has just published, in three handsome volumes, two new works, from the pen of W. Gilmore Simms—the one consisting of "*Carl Werner, and other Tales*," and the other, "*Southern Passages and Pictures.*"

E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia, have just published "*The Heir of Selwood*," by the authoress of "Pin Money," etc. Also "*Four Years in Paraguay*," by N. P. & W. P. Robinson.

Louisville Literary News Letter.—A copy of a handsome quarto with this title has accidentally fallen in our way. We find it to be the 2d number of a new weekly journal "devoted to News, Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts," published at the West by our friends Prentice and Weissinger, of the "Louisville Journal," and edited with signal ability by Edmund Flagg, Esq. a young writer whose ornate and elegant pen has given him, very justly, a proud eminence in the literary circles of the West. We are delighted to see that Prentice is a contributor, as well as Gallagher, and other well known *litterateurs*. We greet the appearance of the "News Letter" with increased pleasure, as it will introduce to us the rising literature, familiarize us with the men and manners, and snatch from oblivion the "ancient saws and modern instances" of the glorious West.

A TALE OF THE CONSCRIPTION.

Among the thousands of French subjects who had to deplore the misery brought by the conscription, to none did that relentless system cause deeper anguish or severer trials than to Louise Dubois.

On a calm and sunny evening of August, in the year 18—, the inhabitants of the sequestered village of Berny might be seen collected in groups, reviling and lamenting the arbitrary measure which on the morrow was to wrench asunder all the sweet ties of domestic life. Fathers looked on their sons just ripening into manhood, revelling in the fresh joys of their young existence, and fancy presented the vigorous form stretched mangled and powerless on the gory battle-field! To the young men themselves, about to be torn from all they had been taught to love and value, glory was an unmeaning word, and fame held out no decoy sufficiently alluring to reconcile them to the destiny decreed by tyranny. Mothers, as they strained their first-born to the bosom which had nourished him, cursed the cruelty which deprived them of the pride and support of their declining years. The maiden, late so buoyant with hope and joy, gazed on her betrothed with tearful eye and blanched cheek, while affection sadly stamped upon her heart every feature and look of him she dreaded to think she might never behold again. But though sorrow had possession of nearly every abode in the village, none presented a scene of deeper anguish than the hitherto happy cottage of Paul Dubois.

Paul and his young wife were cousins and orphans. They had no recollection of when they first began to love each other. In infancy he had watched over Louise with the care and affection of a brother, but as they grew up, his manner assumed a tenderness which does not belong to that character. How hard he toiled to lay up money enough to pay the first year's rent of a piece of land which was afterwards to support them! for, without knowing how or when, they came to a mutual understanding that they were to be man and wife. His industrious efforts were successful; they were married, and their little crops made them an ample return. A beautiful child completed their happiness; and he was on the eve of concluding an arrangement with his landlord respecting an additional portion of land, which he calculated would more than double his present resources —and then came the Conscription, which, like a frightful tornado, annihilated his plans and destroyed his hopes, and the sturdy peasant looked on the home and the blessings he had so hardly earned, and wept. His unconscious infant slept peacefully in his arms—his wife sat at his feet; she shed no tear, neither uttered she a syllable, but her quivering lip and large dark eye told a tale of agony which needed not words to make it intelligible. Occasionally her gaze wandered for a moment from her husband's face around their little dwelling, and then a sigh, like one from a breaking heart, escaped her, as each familiar object recalled scenes and hours never to be renewed!

Paul again commenced his oft repeated attempts at consolation.—"Do not look so mournfully, dearest Louise; your sad face will haunt me, and unfit me for everything; let us endeavour to keep up our spirits by remembering how swiftly time flies; why, the two years we have been married, *chere amie*, do not seem more than as many months!"

But here poor Paul was forced to cease; something seemed to choke him. Alas! in his eagerness to comfort her, he had unwittingly struck a chord which yielded only sounds of sorrow, for how strongly did those bright bygone hours to which he had alluded contrast with the dreary ones in store for them! He took her in his arms, and, as if acknowledging the futility of any attempt to reconcile her or himself to their cruel lot, he kissed and wept over her, giving unrestrained vent to the feelings of bitterness he had so long attempted to suppress.

* * * * * *

Thirty conscripts went forth from the village of Berny to the shrill sound of the fife and wooden noise of the French drum. O what mockery did that merry music seem to the hearts of the mourners who remained! For many days after their departure, poor Louise passed the hours in the listless indolence produced by absorbing sorrow, unheeding the consolations of the neighbors who, in the midst of their own grief, were anxious to comfort, if possible, the desolate young mother, and regardless of all that concerned her own future prospects. It was not long, however, before tidings arrived that the division of the army to which the young men of Berny were attached was about to cross the Rhine. This intelligence roused Louise from her stupor. She conceived a plan which she lost no time in putting into execution.

On the Sunday following the day on which she had learned her husband's destination, so soon as the sun had risen, Louise ascended the hill which commands the village of Berny, her baby on one arm, a small bundle hanging from the other, and turning her back on the home and friends of her infancy, determined to walk to Strasburgh, a distance of two hundred miles, prepared to encounter fatigue, privation, perhaps insult, for the sole purpose—not of being *with* the object of her love—O no! that was happiness too great to dream of—but to be on a spot where a letter could reach her some hours earlier, and where, perhaps, she might meet an occasional straggler from the army—some one who had seen him, and could tell her how he looked and spoke, whether he was well or ill, sad or cheerful, and, in short, answer the thousand endless questions she would have to ask.

At the period to which I refer, a very considerable augmentation of the military force had been required, and consequently the levy had not been confined to any particular province or district. During her long journey Louise scarcely entered a town, large or small, where she did not hear the voice of wailing and lamentation. But if the sights she daily beheld kept alive her own horror in all its freshness, the grief so many felt, in common with herself, procured for her and her child sympathy accompanied by kindness and hospitality, and as night approached, she was always certain of finding a seat at the board, and shelter beneath the roof of the first habitation she should enter.

At length her weary pilgrimage drew to a close. Before her rose the towers of Strasburgh, and as she pressed her infant closer to her bosom, a feeling almost of joy arose in her heart as she felt she was so much nearer to him who was her life of life. Traversing the city, and looking about on every side for accommodation humble enough to suit her scanty means, she stopped before a small house in one of the suburbs. The door was opened by a clean, kind-looking old woman; an arrangement was speedily concluded, and Louise installed in her strange home. Her first object was to obtain employment, by which she could support herself and child, and, applying to old Jeanneton, her landlady, asked if she could recommend her as a workwoman to any ladies in the town. There was something in the appearance and manner of Louise singularly winning, and they must have had a harder heart than Jeanneton who could have listened to her simple but affecting recital without feeling a desire to serve her.

"Are you a good embroidress?" asked the old woman, when she had heard her request.

"I have always been reckoned so," replied Louise; "I was brought up by the Ursulines, and they are noted for their skill in fancy works."

"Well, that's very fortunate," said Jeanneton, really happy at being able to forward her wishes. "My grand-daughter is femme de chambre to Madame de la Riviere, and she came to me only the other day to know if I could recommend any young person to her mistress to work her a dress. I will give you a line to Julie, and if they have not already found some one else, no doubt you will get it; but remember, my dear child, I hope you *are* skilful, for if madame's dress should be spoiled, what should I do!"

Louise assured her kind friend she need be under no apprehension, as she was quite confident of giving satisfaction; and leaving her little child, with many a tender injunction, to her care, set forth in quest of the hoped-for employment. Perhaps it was that she began to feel the effects of her toilsome journey, or it might be, that parting with her infant for the first time, though but for so short a period, subdued and depressed her; but as she went on her unknown way, a feeling of sadness and apprehension came over her, making the distance, which in reality was trifling, appear interminable; yet, when arrived at the house, she felt an unaccountable reluctance to enter, and when, having conquered what she reproached herself for as folly, she asked for Julie, and gave her her grandmother's note, it was some time before she sufficiently subdued the emotions which had so strangely overcome her, to confirm the assertions it contained respecting her abilities. Julie was all kindness and attention, as all young Frenchwomen are to any one they see in distress, and made her rest and partake of refreshment before she would conduct her to her lady; and when she did so, descanted as volubly on the beauty of her work, as if she had seen it with her own bright eyes. The dress was brought and delivered to Louise, with a promise that if her work was approved of, she would have more to do when that was finished. While she was receiving her instructions, the Marquis de la Riviere entered his mother's room. He was a man apparently about five-and-thirty, eminently handsome; but the expression of his countenance struck one more forcibly than his beauty. It was singular—scarcely definable, but decidedly unpleasant. He gave you the idea of one who would scoff at virtue; and for any act of greatness, the result of its dictates, assign unworthy motives. On first coming into the apartment he fixed his eyes on Louise; and though he saw that his earnest look disturbed and annoyed her, he neither withdrew it, nor sought by speaking to lessen her confusion, but contrived to gaze on her for two or three minutes, then turned away, and during the remainder of her stay took no notice of her whatever.

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"You are not the first," said Julie laughingly, "that Monsieur le Marquis has stared out of countenance. You must keep out of his way, for it is said he has worked woe to many as fair as yourself."

Louise only replied, "He can have nothing to say to me, for I am married."

The simplicity of this answer provoked a loud laugh from the town-bred abigail, with the exclamation, "Quelle innocence! mais c'est quelque chose de merveilleuse."

"What a pity he does not marry," said Louise. "He would be happy then; he does not look so now."

"Madame would give the world that he was, for she has suffered a great deal on his account; but his only answer, when she urges him to do so, is, that he knows women too well ever to think of it."

Louise opened her large dark eyes in astonishment, and went home with her work. How her heart beat, as her child, who could now go alone, came toddling from the door to meet her! Her bosom felt lightened of half its load at the prospect of being able to earn enough by her needle to keep her baby and herself from want. Could she but get a letter from Paul—could she only obtain the longed-for intelligence that he was well, she would be content. In a space of time so short, that Julie declared her fingers must be fairies, the dress was completed and taken home. As she was leaving the house, she met Monsieur de la Riviere, who stopped, and, paying her some trifling compliment, put a napoleon in her hand.

Louise, confused and abashed, tendered him the money, saying, "Thank you, sir, madame has already settled with me."

"Well, child, but if I choose to make you a trifling present, you do not mean to say you will refuse it!"

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the poor girl, blushing painfully, "but I would rather not."

He looked at her incredulously for a moment, but there was a simple earnestness in her manner that could not be affected; and as she still held out the coin to him, he took it with a half sneer, and muttering to himself "Attendens," passed on.

Louise went home, but she felt ill at ease; a presentiment of coming evil hung heavily upon her. It might be, and she tried to think it was, only the effect of the fatigue and anxiety she had lately undergone; but she could not shake it off. Her health, too, began to cause her uneasiness. Instead of allowing herself the repose necessary to recover from the fatigues of her painful journey, she had, from the moment in which she obtained work, stolen many hours from each night's rest to complete the daily task she had allotted herself. Her landlady was kind and friendly, but very poor, earning a scanty subsistence by going out to do such trifling work as her strength permitted; and Louise began to be nervously afraid that the time was not far distant in which she should be unable to procure necessaries for her child. She felt she was over-taxing her strength, but she would not give up.

One morning, having completed some embroidered caps, she took them home, and learned, to her dismay, that Madame de la Riviere would set out for Paris the following week for the remainder of the winter. Her heart sank within her at this intelligence, and something seemed to whisper that trials severer than any she had yet encountered were now about to commence. She walked slowly from the house, and tears she was unable to restrain fell from her eyes when, on turning the corner of the street, a cabriolet, which was coming rapidly in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped, and Monsieur de la Riviere, jumping out, took her hand, and asked her in a tone of real interest what was the matter. When she had told him, he said, "I am not going to Paris, and you must let me be your friend, Louise." He looked at her as if expecting a reply, but Louise did not even guess his meaning. There was something in his manner which always made her feel uncomfortable, but she was too pure even to comprehend a dishonest insinuation. She sought employment from other quarters, but could find none.

The weather, which had been unusually mild for the season, suddenly changed —a severe frost set in. Poor old Jeanneton got a severe attack of rheumatism, which confined her to her bed, and Louise found herself in a strange place without friends or work, with no other resource to keep herself, her child, and the friend who had saved her from starving, but the few francs remaining of what she had earned; and to add to her misery, the object for which she encountered it, had not been realised. She had not seen a creature from the army—not a line had reached her from her husband. The poor girl would sit and count her little horde, as if by doing so she could double its value; but, alas! notwithstanding her care and economy, it rapidly diminished. It soon got so low that she had recourse to curtailing her own allowance of food, to prevent her child and her friend finding any diminution in theirs. She grew thinner and paler every day, but that she heeded not. "How much longer shall I be able to give bread to my child!" was the thought that haunted her unceasingly, and well might it do so now, for she had but one franc remaining—her last! and when that was gone!——

She had looked on it in agony not to be described, and in the stillness of night her fevered imagination conjured up scenes of horror; she saw her child, pale and emaciated, asking for food—and she had none to give it. Then her husband, wounded and bleeding, stood before her, reproaching her with having left their native village, where at least she and her child would not have been allowed to starve. Exhausted and unrefreshed, she arose and went to purchase provisions, as she felt, for the last or nearly the last time. Once or twice the idea had occurred to her of asking Monsieur de la Riviere to recommend her to some of his friends; but a feeling powerful, though to her incomprehensible and undefined, had always, even in her extreme destitution, prevented her from doing so. As she returned slowly from the market-place, all she had in the world being now only a few sous, she met him. He looked earnestly at her, and asked if she lived in the same place. She replied in the affirmative. "You look very ill," he said; "I will come and see you, and talk over your affairs." The poor girl, hoping he might serve her, and rescue her from her present misery, could scarcely thank him, but tears of gratitude chased each other down her pale cheeks; he turned abruptly away, merely saying, "I will call this morning;" and Louise, with a feeling of hope which had long been unknown to her, hastened home, and seating herself beside her child, awaited his arrival.

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He held up again the glittering treasure, and in a voice as calm and unmoved as if he had been speaking on the most indifferent subject, he continued: "I repeat, here are two thousand francs, a fortune to persons in your station of life—you can procure a substitute for your husband, and live in comfort all the rest of your life; I will take care he does not quarrel with the means by which you will have procured him ease and happiness. On the other hand, consider well the consequences of a refusal—you acknowledge that you have but a few sous remaining. You have already nearly starved yourself to give food to your child; in a few days at farthest your sacrifice will be of no avail, your last sous will be gone, your infant will pine and die before your eyes, and you will remember that it was in your power to save her, and you refused to do so."

Louise did not interrupt him. In the first bitterness of her disappointment she burst into tears, and wept as those only weep who, exhausted by suffering, behold their last earthly hope snatched from them. After a little time her tears ceased, and she sat as if unconscious of all around her. But though motionless, save an occasional sobbing sigh, and to outward seeming calm, who shall tell the agonising thoughts that made her brain throb and burn, while her heart felt cold and heavy as death itself? She fancied all that had befallen her was in token of disapprobation at the course she had adopted. Disappointment had attended her every hope. It was now eight months since she had written to her husband, and not one line from him had she yet received. Perhaps her letter had never reached him. That was a bitter thought—but bitterer still was the idea that, ignorant of her removal, he might have written to her at Berny, where even now a letter might be lying for her. The possibility of such a circumstance almost drove her mad, and she cursed the impatience which had made her come to Strasburgh. She would instantly retrace her steps and obtain the longed-for treasure. She rose and took up her child, as though she were about to put her plan into immediate execution; but, alas! she was speedily convinced of its utter impracticability. Her little girl was nearly a year older than when she had performed the journey before, while she herself, who was at that time in perfect health, was now exhausted with misery and starvation. Just as this unwelcome conviction forced itself upon her, the measured, calculating words of him she began to believe a messenger direct from the Evil One, smote upon her ear—"You will see your child pine and die before your eyes, and remember you had it in your power to save it, and would not." Another passion of tears burst from that breaking heart, as kneeling at the infant's feet, and clasping her arms round its sweet head, she strained it wildly to her bosom. "O God!" she cried, "be thou my friend, give food to my infant, but save her mother from infamy." She arose calmer and less despairing, for her prayer was pure and sincere. She addressed the tempter, "I have still a trifle left, and before that is gone, He, who forsakes not those who trust in him, will afford me honorable means of existence."

De la Riviere looked at her as he would have gazed on the performance of a magician, watching with a jealous eye to detect any sleight of hand, fearing to give credit to what he beheld, lest he should discover that what had excited his admiration and wonder was only a common cheat. We have said but little respecting the beauty of Louise; but beautiful she was, and now, as she stood in all the lustre of beauty and holiness, a sculptor, who had wished to embody virtue, might have taken her for his model.

"Well," he said at length, "take your own way; I am still willing to assist you on certain conditions. I shall leave the money here; if your present hopes fail you, and you choose to comply with them, it is yours—use it freely; but should I hear nothing from you, I shall conclude it is untouched, and return for it in a fortnight."

"Oh! for the love of Heaven, as you hope for mercy yourself, shew it to me—leave not the money here!" Her tone showed the agony she endured. "O tempt me not so sorely," she continued. "On my knees I implore you to take it away, and leave me to my poverty and God'e care. Who shall answer for themselves when one dearer than life asks for bread, and the price of guilt lies beforo them! Take it away—if you know what mercy is, O take it away!" She raised her eyes imploringly. He was gone; and on the table lay the bag of money; and there sat her child, pale and terrified at a scene so unusual; and she was alone with misery and temptation.

Ten days had elapsed since that trying visit. The last saleable article had been disposed of, and the provisions it had supplied were consumed. For twenty-four hours the child had not tasted food. The wretched mother sat on the side of the bed, in which it lay sleeping from exhaustion—a sleep how unlike the slumber of health! A low moan broke repeatedly from its lips, and every time that sound met the mother's ear, it seemed to send a pang through her heart, which she pressed with her hand as if to still its beating. She was pale as marble, but not even the trace of a tear was visible on her cheek. After a time, the child's sleep seemed easier, and soon its breathing became inaudible. Suddenly Louise, who had never taken her eyes from her face, rose from her seat and bent over the bed for a moment, then sobbing hysterically, she said, "God of goodness, take me likewise," threw herself beside it.

Even this her sad hope cheated her. The child was not dead, as she had imagined; it opened its languid eyes, and stretching out its little hand, murmured feebly, "Du pain, maman." The wretched girl shrieked with agony, and springing from what she had hoped would have been her resting-place from woe, she pressed her hands to her burning brow, and remained for some moments a prey to torture which convulsed her whole frame. Slowly she uncovered her face, and, spite of its beauty, it was fearful to look upon. The big drops stood on her pale forehead, her lips were colorless, while her eyes seemed dilated beyond their natural size. She took her child in her arms, and kissing it with a vehemence that seemed to partake almost of insanity, "Je l'aurai," she said, in a tone of desperation. She rose—but her steps were unsteady, she was obliged to cling to the wall for support—but she reached the cupboard where she had hid the money that she might not look upon it; she opened the bag, and taking out some silver, quitted the house.

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Again was Louise beside her child, but this time the infant did not ask in vain for bread—food of the best quality, and in abundance, was there. O how eagerly she watched it as it ate heartily, showing that as yet it had suffered no serious injury from its fast. The poor old woman, who from suffering and age was become quite imbecile, was not forgotten, and while the two extremes of life were satisfying their wants, unconscious of the terrible price at which they did so, Louise sat down and penned the following note.—

"I know not what you are, but your dreadful words have come to pass. I have seen my child pining and dying. She asked me for bread—I had none to give her —I bought some with your money. I prayed for death, but it would not come—so I sold myself to give her food."

The night was cold and dismal—the rain beat against the window—the wind swept by in mournful gusts—a miserable bit of candle served to show the utter destitution of the cottage. There was no fire; but by the cheerless hearth sat Louise miserably clad, her eyes fixed on her sleeping child; it seemed, indeed, as if all she had retained of life was derived from gazing on her infant. A carriage stopped, and a low knock was heard at the door. Louise trembled violently, but rose and gave admission to the man who took such cruel advantage of her misery. Even he, impassable as he usually appeared, almost started as he looked on her; she was so pale, so shadowy, and her hand, as he took it in his, had the clammy coldness of death.

"Why have you brought yourself to this, Louise?" he said. "But come away —this is no place to remain in longer. I love you, and will make you forget all this wretchedness."

She made no resistance—she was passive as an infant in his hands; only she gave him a note directed to his mother's housekeeper, who had shown her great kindness when she had been in the habit of going to the house, and requested it might be delivered immediately. "It was only," she said, "to beg her to come and remain with her child till her return: or, if she never came back, to be a mother to it, and a friend to Jeanneton."

As she spoke, her voice was firm and clear, but so low, so mournful, it sounded like a distant knell, borne to the ear on the evening breeze of summer.

"You shall never return to this wretched place," said the marquis; "but the old woman shall be taken care of, and your child shall be brought to you."

She made no reply—she turned not once to look on the bed where lay the helpless little being for whom she had sacrificed herself, but clasped her hands for a moment, as if in earnest prayer, suffered him to place her in the carriage. It stopped at his own door. As he alighted she saw him give her letter to the servant, with orders to deliver it immediately; and as she heard his injunction she drew a deep breath, as if a weight were removed from her heart. He led her into a well-warmed room, where a table was laid with everything that could tempt the appetite. On one side there was a pair of folding doors, leading into a bed-chamber, and they were half-open. As the wretched girl saw it, she trembled so violently that she was obliged to lean on a chair for support. He pressed her to eat—she sickened at the sight of the delicacies spread before her, but in the same calm chilly voice in which she had before spoken, asked for a glass of water, and, taking it with a steady hand, turned her back on him. The marquis no longer suppressed an expression of wonder and admiration; he watched her narrowly, and in an instant springing to her side, and seizing a paper which she had let fall, dashed the yet untasted goblet from her lips.

"Forbear!" he cried, make me not a murderer. Oh, Louise, look on me. I, who have never bent the knee to aught on earth or in heaven, kneel to you for forgiveness. No, not for countless empires would I sully purity like yours. Till now, I thought holiness and virtue were but a fable. Base that I was, to require such proofs of the excellency of woman! But forgive me, Louise. 'Tis now my turn to sue for mercy, and, angel as you are, I feel that, sorely as I have tried you, I shall not plead in vain. Do not hate me for my cruelty, but try to look on me as a brother, and one whose greatest happiness will consist in promoting yours."

The girl looked on him as he knelt at her feet, and she gazed wildly, and passed her hands across her eyes as though she thought it was all a dream; but the tone of truth cannot be mistaken, and as she became convinced of the sincerity of his words, the revulsion of feeling was too great for her exhausted frame—she burst into a wild laugh, and fell senseless on the floor.

For many days she lay hovering between life and death, and when, at length, her youth and good constitution triumphed over disease, and her consciousness returned, it was long before she could be convinced that all she saw was not a deceitful dream, which would melt away, and leave her desolate as before. She lay in a comfortable bed, in a cheerful, neatly-furnished apartment. Her child, the picture of health, was playing on the floor, while Jeanneton, well clothed, sat in an arm-chair beside a blazing fire. A smiling young girl stood by the bed, and gave her a draught, which seemed to endow her with new life. It was not, however, till two days afterwards that the physician allowed her to receive a letter which her young attendant had been most anxious to give her. It was from the Marquis de la Riviere, and contained the following words:—

"Noble Louise, I will not talk of reparation—I can never make you amends for the suffering I have caused; but let me show you, at least, that I am anxious to make what atonement is in my power. The cottage you are in, with the land attached to it, is settled on your husband, together with a pension of a thousand francs a year. I have found a substitute for him, and he will be with you in a few days; I have interest enough to prevent his ever being called upon to serve again. Forgive me, I implore you, and let me speedily hear of your recovery. Remember, till I do, I know not whether I am a murderer or not. Pray to God that you may recover, that so I may be spared being the destroyer of her who has been a guardian angel to my soul."

What a restorative is happiness! It freshens the heart like summer showers. And, O the bright and lovely things which spring forth beneath its influence, where all before was scorched and arid. It was not more than a year after the foregoing circumstances that the narrator of them first beheld Louise. It was on a beautiful evening in the latter end of August. The cottage stood in the midst of corn-field, full of wheat-sheaves. Beneath a porch grown over with jasmine and honeysuckle sat old Jeanneton, watching, with almost childish glee, the little girl who was making a garland of wild flowers. Paul was arranging a parterre in which his beautiful wife took great delight, and she stood beside him a living exemplification that virtue has its reward. When she was not giving him directions about her garden, she continued working at something she held in her hand. I had been in conversation with them some time, when I could not help remarking how beautiful the embroidery was on which she was employed, and asked her what it was for?" She answered, "It is a dress for the young Marquis de la Riviere's first child."

London "Metropolitan" for November.

MOLIERE AND HIS WIFE.

The above is the title of a very forcible and interesting paper in the November number of Bentley's Miscellany, (edited by **Charles Dickens**—"Boz,") in which is portrayed the miseries endured by **Moliere** (the celebrated French Dramatist), in possessing a wife many years his junior, whom he tenderly loved, but who was a confirmed coquette. In the course of the article the following almost incredible story is told of "a young man about town," who fell desperately in love with Madame Moliere, and who was egregiously hoaxed by having another female exactly resembling the lady palmed upon him:—

Infatuated by his passion, and imagining that a woman so famous for her gallantries might be won, if he only knew how to set about it, De Lorny resolved to have recourse to the assistance of a certain Madame Ledoux, a good lady, of whose valuable services he had heard much among his companions. This convenient personage he made the confidante of his passion, beseeching her to exert herself in his behalf, and assuring her that he was willing to make any sacrifice to obtain the object of his wishes. The wily procuress undertook the task, which, however, she represented as surrounded with difficulties, and contrived to persuade him to put a thousand louis in her hands, by way of secret service money, in order to ensure the success of the enterprise.

Having obtained so large a sum, Madame Ledoux's only care was to find the means of appropriating it to herself, and she soon devised a scheme for that purpose.

Among the numerous females of the class which furnished Madame Ledoux with instruments and confederates, there was a girl of the name of La Tourelle, who had been much remarked for her extraordinary resemblance to Madame Moliere. She was not only like her in features, figure, and gait, but was able to assume the expression of her countenance, her disdainful smile, and the very sound of her voice. As the girl was accustomed to mimic the favorite actress of the day, the habit came by degrees a second nature, and she became, without effort, and almost involuntarily, a perfect copy of her model. To this girl Ledoux communicated her intended trick, and La Tourelle undertook to personate Madame Moliere, so as to deceive M. De Lorny, so long as his liberality should make it worth her while to continue the deception.

In the meantime, the amorous swain was impatiently waiting the result of Madame Ledoux's negociations, she made her appearance from time to time to report progress, and dexterously contrived to inflame his eagerness, sometimes by dwelling upon obstacles and difficulties, and sometimes by giving hopes of success. One day the lady was represented as disdainful and indignant at the idea of an attempt on her virtue; another day she had given indications of a disposition to favor so ardent and devoted a lover. One day all access to her presence was barred by the suspicions of a jealous husband; another day she had shown an inclination to yield, by contriving the means of an interview with her lover's ambassador, notwithstanding her husband's precautions. Poor De Lorny swallowed these stories with implicit faith, and was all the while in a state of violent excitement, tossed to and fro between hope and disappointment. In this manner some weeks had elapsed, when one day the go-between made her appearance in high spirits, with the news of her success. She had contrived, she said, to overcome the fair actress's scruplos; and Madame Moliere, moved at last by the warmth and fidelity of his passion, had agreed to meet him at a house where there was no danger of discovery. De Lorny, transported with joy, liberally rewarded hia ambassadress.

Next day he hastened to the place of rendezvous, and the lady soon made her appearance, carefully muffled up, and affecting great trepidation on account of her imprudent step, and the utmost anxiety for concealment. She played her part to admiration, imitating Madame Moliere even to her slightest peculiarities—the sound of her voice, her short cough in speaking, her little affectations and consequential airs,—talking of her excessive fatigue from constantly playing the character of Circe, then in vogue, and dwelling on her condescension in having, in regard to him, ventured to risk the most degrading suspicions. Her acting, in short, might have deceived an older hand than poor De Lorny, who listened with perfect belief, poured out the warmest protestations of fidelity, and pressed her to accept some token of his affection. The adventuress assumed the air of a person of wealth and consequence, declared that the value of a gift was nothing to her, and that she could only accept from him some mark of his respect on condition of its being in itself a mere trifle. After much pressing, she agreed to go and choose some bagatelle at Monot's, the fashionable jeweller, on the Quai des Orfevres; and De Lorny thought himself too happy to be permitted to pay eight thousand francs for a diamond necklace on which she had set her fancy.

From that time the lovers met regularly; but the lady requested her fortunate admirer to abstain from ever speaking to her or noticing her at the theatre; it being necessary, she said, to avoid exciting the watchful suspicions of Moliere, or the envy of her companions, who were already jealous of her success on the stage. De Lorny continued to frequent the theatre punctually; but was content to worship his idol at a distance, applaud her performance, and glory in the homage paid to one who had chosen him as the object of her secret preference.

For a couple of months De Lorny's happiness was without a cloud; but the lady, who had other pigeons to pluck, at length became irregular in keeping her appointments. She was frequently late, and tried her admirer's patience by making him wait.

One day she did not come at all, and De Lorno, who had waited for several hours with impatience and uneasiness, at length got provoked and out of humor, and determined to go to the theatre, which by this time was open, in order to see what was become of his false fair one, in spite of all that Madame Ledoux (in whose house they used to meet) could say to prevent him.

The play was begun when De Lorny reached the theatre. At that time there were benches on the stage for the fashionables who chose to occupy them. A place was vacant in the front row, and as De Lorny took possession of it, the first person he saw before him was Madame Moliere, in the rich and elegant costume of Circe. Never had she appeared to him so charming. He had come to upbraid her; but when crossing the stage, she passed close by him, he could only find words to say softly—

"You are more adorable than ever, and sufficient to turn my head to-night, even if you had not done so before."

Accustomed to speechos of this sort, Madame Moliere paid no attention, but passed on. De Lorny tried to attract her notice by tender looks, gestures, and signs, but could not draw the slightest token of recognition from the disdainful actress.

This contemptuous treatment, after the slight he had already met with, was not to be borne. At the end of the play, Madame Moliere had retired to her dressing-room, where she was sitting with her maid, when, to her amazement, the door was violently thrown open, and a man entirely unknown to her, rushed in with a wild and agitated air, and threw himself into a seat without uttering a word. Madame Moliere's haughty spirit was roused. She hastily rose, and intimated her desire by a commanding gesture that he should withdraw; while her attendant opened the door, and stood ready to call for assistance.

De Lorny's indignation, so long suppressed, now burst out without control, and found vent in a torrent of exclamations and reproaches. At first she took him for a madman, who had escaped from his keepers; but his air of profound grief, the sincerity of his manner, the tears which rolled down his cheeks, made her suspect that he was under the influence of some strange delusion, and she therefore spoke to him calmly, telling him that he could not possibly know her, or have had any appointment with her, for she was very certain she had never spoken to him in her life. This cool denial of him rendered De Lorny furious. He lost all regard to appearances or consequences, became outrageous in his complaints and upbraidings, referred to the times and places of their meetings, and wildly called on the whole of the company to come and witness the infamous treachery of the woman for whom he had made such sacrifices. While he thus raved, his eye rested on the diamond necklace she wore: and thinking it was the one he had given her, he flew at it and tore it from her neck. At this moment the guards of the theatre rushed in, and De Lorny, now in a state of absolute frenzy, was seized and carried to prison.

Proceedings were instituted against him by Madame Moliere; Moliere himself was a party to them; and heavy damages were claimed from De Lorny, in reparation of his insulting and outrageous conduct.

The cause was tried in the Chatelet. Madame Moliere's envious companions gave circulation to the most scandalous reports, which for a time gained credit, especially as the jeweller, who had furnished the false Madame Moliere with the necklace, affirmed that it was Madame Moliere who had chosen it—a mistake into which he was led by the singular resemblance already mentioned. Fortunately, however, the procuress Ledoux, who had concealed herself, was discovered and arrested, and on her first interrogatory she confessed the whole transaction. The impostor herself who had so skilfully played her part, was also arrested; and all the particulars of the affair being brought to light, Ledoux, and her instrument, La Tourelle, were put in the pillory in front of the theatre, while poor De Lorny hastened to bury his shame and mortification in the country, and never repeated his visit to Paris.

SARMINS BY FATHER TOM MAGUIRE.

A series of interesting articles, under the general head of "Recollections of our last Parish Minister," is in the course of publication in Frazer's (London) Magazine. In the November number of that miscellany, we find the two "*Sarmins*" annexed, which are given as specimens of a certain order of Pulpit Eloquence.

FATHER TOM MAGUIRE TO HIS FLOCK.

"Oh, you unfortunate, misguided set o' sinners! how fast you come flockin' to the chapel doores whin tortured with remorse. Here you are now altogether, like Browne's cows, an' about as well inormed as thim, too,—the poor bastes! It's well seen it isn't a collectin' Sunday, or so many of yez wouldn't be here to the fore. (Tim Dunn, lave off yer feneerin' wid that gigglin' colleen. Is that behavor fit for chapel, you villain?) Well, now, an' now I suppose you think I'm goin' to let yez off wid an azy pinance, afther all yer crimes and misdemanøors! You flock to me like chickens undher their mother's wing. (Barney O'Rourk, thim's a purty pair of turkeys I seen as I was passin' the premises that call you masther.")

"In troth, your riverence may say that."

"Ay, Barney Mavourneen! an' the mistress, too, I seen lookin' as rosy as a pache: I couldn't but give her my blessin'!"

"God be good to yer riverence for that same; an' if iv it wouldn't be too bold——"

"No fear in life, Barney; spake up. It's yerself that owns the dacent woman."

"Axin' yer pardon, docthor, I was just thinkin' ov bestowin' thim same turkeys on the housekeeper ov yer riverence: its little a poor man like me wants wid such mate."

"Barney, you're a thrue Christian! You're a right rasoner! Always folly your furst intentions, fur they're ginerally the best. (I say, you Jim Mulhall, give Barney that sate, an' lave off danglin' yer long legs. I wondher you've no manners to give up to your betthers, you miscrayent!)

"Well, my dear bretheren, it frets me to my heart to see all my prayers an' exertions for your good thrown to the dogs. (Fagin, talkin' o' dogs, how is Flyer gettin' on? Can he stoop to a scent, know a rate, and stop easily? None o' yer babblers or skirters?")

"Och, be dhu husth, yer riverence. Babbler or skirter in troth! Be me sowl, there's no such a pup in Ireland!"

"Right, Fagin: keep him in thrainin'—hard oaten bread, and regular exercise.) But, pardon me, my friends, I'm digressin'. It frets me, I was sayin', to find all my throuble on your account—that is, on account ov yer poor sinful sowls—of no manner o' use in the world wide; for—listen to me, now, you deluders!—whin I pray, an' fast, an' ware the flesh off my bones wid the dint of piety, an' whin I give you absolution for yer crimes, that absolution will be of no use, but, may be, turn to a curse, if you don't pay the chapel her fees! An' do you dar' to think the blessed Vargin 'll inthercade for you, if you lave me in the lurch in the regard of the offerin's due? I am her servant, an' all you give me is but resaved for her sake; thim that are liberal she blesses; and thim that be back (Mary Toole, Pathereen Costello, an' dozen more o' ye, mind this!) 'll be visited wid her indignation; for every tear I shed on your account, which you do not requite in this world (mind me), you must make restitution—ay, an' dhreadful restitution—in the next. An' if you should die athout repentin', or laving somethin' behind, you will be as surely damned as the blackest heretic in the North!"

"Och, whillelu! Father Tom, jewel, pray for us! Acushla! Agra! Asthore! Whoo-o-o!"

"Pray for yez! Oh! you miserable herd! amn't I at it every blessed hour? Do I taste bit, bite, or sup, in pace, on yer account? But remimber, I tell you, if you continue to chate the Vargin—for it's her, not me, you're desavin'—all my prayers are of no avail! Think on the tormints of hell-fire, to which the flames of purgathory are no more than Doran's pipe there to a burnin' house. (Doran, its a sign ov bein' hardened in iniquity, when you dar' to smoke benathe this holy roof."

"Its cowld I am, your riverence, bekase I was wet thro' crossin' the mountains wid a keg of raal dew, which I left undher yer riverence's haystack. Be me sowl, it never frowned at a gager!"

"James Doran, yer mother's son's right, and I was a little asthray. We mustn't endanger our precious helth any how, for what are we athout it?—hounds about a course! March athout hares! Keep in yer pipe, but stand at the doore.) Bud, my friends an' bretheren, as I was sayin', think of the everlastin' torture; think ov yer bein' roasted for ever an' ever, like a fowl on a spit, an' no one to giv yez a dhrop ov wather to keep yez from faintin'!"

"Och! och! wirresthrew-ooo-oo!"

"Yis, howl away, like dogs when they loose the scent; groan, groan, for yer the sinful breed all out. There's but one chance left yez now, an' that I obtained by mortual inthercession an' prayer. All ov yez cum with yer dues ready by next Sunday, and confess to me; an' afther makin' a clane breast, I'll give yez absolution. (Arn't you blessed wid a tindher-hearted pasthor, you reprobates?) Absolution, I say, an' I sind yez off wid sowls as clane as white marble, an' hearts as light as feathers. There's a blessed opportunity for you; an' mark my words, iv its let slip, the curse of the Vargin 'll ever more purshue you. *Pax vobiscum! benedicte! I—ito ad houses—nomine Dei dissolvo congregationem.*"

SARMIN II.—FATHER TOM IN THE COUNTRY.

"Well, you miserable-lookin' set o' sinners! here you come flockin' to me as thick as pays on a trencher! Sowkins! you're never so full of alacrity at payin' the dues. (Tim Rogan, how dar' you spit on the chapel flure? Where's yer religion, you baste? Och! but it's meself that's persecuted wid you an' your likes.) Well, boys, the holy an' the thrue church is thrivin', in spite of the Orangemen and their heretic clan—the illiterate set o' bosthoorns—mockin' I didn't sack the best o' them whin I was in Dublin—where wor they a thousand years ago? Answer me that, Gogoty. But they were silent enough whin I gav thim that poser! But, boys, there's no use in talkin' to you about conthroversy: this is the only church to be saved in; this is the only edifice of salvation! (Thread lighter, Phil Dunn; you heavy-heeled miscrayant, to obligate me to spake from the althar."

"I was only coming, yer riverence, wid the ould account on the regard of the christnin', an' the like."

"Phil Dunn, you've the raal feelin' of religion. Out o' the way, you set o' brutes, an' let him cum near me, up to the railin'. Phil, I'm proud o' ye, my boy; give the bag to Corney here, an' wait till the sarmin's over, till I give you me blessin'.) See there, you villanous sinners, is an example to folly; see the bame o' grace about Phil! Well, the holy Vargin help me! But I've the heavy handfull ov yez all! You're ready enough at yer dancin', and yer fightin', and yer sportin'—(Whew! Corney," to his assistant, looking through the window, "there's a brace o' dogs: out, you divil, quick, an' see whose they are)—ready enough, ay, at yer sportin', an' yer amusement, an' yer dhrinkin'—(Barney Davis, the pottheen's out, you neglectful varmint you!),—bud you don't come so eagerly to the house o' worship. Its well for yez that has me for yer inthercessor, or ye'd be all in the lowest pit of perdition afore now (a general thrill of fear). Aint I prayin' night, noon, an' mornin' for yer poor deluded souls! An' afther all, when yez die, you begrudge the price ov the masses; but for the future, yer speerets may howl in purgathory, for av you don't 'post the coal.' Boys, jewels, isn't it a cruel thing to say that yer pasthor must be dhriven to this pass, whin yez can hand out the tithes readily? Och, but you ought to resist them, *vi et armis;* which manes, wid spades and pitchforks! Oh! the sins an' the wickedness o' the world! Bud ye'll all pay lanty for it in the flames hereafter, and that's some comfort. Don't dar' to think I'll intercede wid the divil for yez! (Mary Flinn, yer poor husband's soul is sufferin' hell's torments now, and you're gigglin' wid Maher. Pay for masses, you deludher you, or I'll excommunicate you for all yer wickedness. Pat Maher, whin wor you at confession? answer me that, you dog? Its afeard you are of me axin' the Easther-money. Oh! the sufferin's, an' the tormints, an' the tortures hereafter, of those who don't act here accordin' to the church's holy rules! Pat, the Vargin help you!")

"Its Squire Fagin's dogs, sir; an' he's waitin' for you to have a coorse," from the assistant, just returned, *sotto voce.*

"Dogs!—Squire Fagin! Oh! all right Well, you poor unfortunate, misguided sinners, you've my blessin', any how. Barney, don't forget the pottheen; Mary Flinn, think on your poor husband's sowl; Pat Maher, I'll confess you tomorrow! *Benedicte—Deus—donabeste—fisticum—Bono!* There's the larnin' that cost me my golden guineas!"

[*Exit, amid general stares of admiration.*]

THE DRURY LANE MENAGERIE.

Tune—"The Campbells are coming."

The *camels* are coming,
No, no—no, no;
'Tis lions and tigers,
Ho, ho—ho, ho!
And panthers and leopards,
Like lambs ruled by shepherds,
Crouch low to Van Amburgh,
Low, low—low, low.

The chargers are ready,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Good bye to Macready,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Ducrow on his prancer,
Galop-ade dancer,
Will make affairs answer,
Hurrah! hurrah!

The steeds can draw houses,
O dear! O dear!
The cits and their spouses,
O dear! O dear!
Can bipeds draw, say, Sirs?
The *horses* say, "*neigh!* Sirs,"
And Bunn that their pay, Sirs,
Is dear—*too* dear!
The march intellectual,
Ah, ah—ah, ah!
Is now quite effectual,
Ah, ah—ah, ah!
John *Bull* as the *brutes*, Sirs,
Is just as acute, Sirs,
And Bunn his *taste* suits, Sirs,
Ah, ah—ah, ah!
Nobility's scions,
O la, O la!
Must patronise lions,
Bah, bah—bah, bah!
The chargers are coming,
And Bunn the town humming,
May set up a *horse*-laugh—
Ah, ah—ah, ah!

Satirist.

"The Satirist makes quite a butt of me," growled the Great Tragedian to the facetious Tom Cooke. "By my sowl," replied Tom, "I should be sorry to have no other butt to go to than you, for you're so precious empty."

THEATRICAL SKETCH BY "BOZ."

A majority of our readers are probably aware that on concluding his famous "*Pickwick Papers,*" their author, the facetious "*Boz,*" commenced another series of papers entitled "*Nicholas Nickleby,*" which appear in monthly parts. This, too, as well as his story of "*Oliver Twist,*" is drawing toa close, and a fourth series is already projected, to be entitled "*Barnaby Rudge,*" which, if equal to either of the foregoing, will be re-published in the Spirit of the Times immediately on the receipt from London. From the last number of "Nicholas Nickleby" (the eighth) we extract the visit of Nicholas to a provincial actress, known as Miss SNEVELLICCI, on purpose to accompany her to obtain what is technically termed "a bespeak" for her benefit. The scene presented is an admirable picture:—

At the stipulated hour next morning, Nicholas repaired to the lodgings of Miss Snevellicci, which were in a place called Lombard-street, at the house of a tailor. A strong smell of ironing pervaded the little passage, and the tailor's daughter, who opened the door, appeared in that flutter of spirits which is so often attendant upon the periodical getting up of a family's linen.

"Miss Snevellicci lives here, I believe?" said Nicholas, when the door was opened.

The tailor's daughter replied in the affirmative.

"Will you have the goodness to let her know that Mr. Johnson is here?" said Nicholas.

"Oh, if you please, you're to come up stairs," replied the tailor's daughter, with a smile.

Nicholas followed the young lady, and was shown into a small apartment on the first floor, communicating with a back room; in which, as he judged from certain a half-subdued clinking sound of cups and saucers, Miss Snevellicci was then taking her breakfast in bed.

"You're to wait, if you please," said the tailor's daughter, after a short period of absence, during which the clinking in the back-room had ceased, and been succeeded by whispering—"She won't be long."

As she spoke she pulled up the window-blind, and having by this means (as she thought) diverted Mr. Johnson's attention from the room to the street, caught up some articles which were airing on the fender, and had very much the appearance of stockings, and darted off.

As there were not many objects of interest outside the window, Nicholas looked about the room with more curiosity than he might otherwise have bestowed upon it. On the sofa lay an old guitar, several thumbed pieces of music, and a scattered litter of curl-papers: together with a confused heap of play-bills, and a pair of soiled white satin shoes with large blue rosettes. Hanging over the back of a chair was a half-finished muslin apron with little pockets ornamented with red ribbons, such as waiting-women wear on the stage, and by consequence are never seen with anywhere else. In one corner stood the diminutive pair of top-boots in which Miss Snevellicci was accustomed to enact the little jockey, and, folded on a chair hard by, was a small parcel, which bore a very suspicious resemblance to the companion smalls.

But the most interesting object of all, was perhaps the open scrap-book, displayed in the midst of some theatrical duodecimos that were strewn upon the table, and pasted into which scrap-book were various critical notices of Miss Snevellicci's acting, extracted from different provincial journals, together with one poetic address in her honour, commencing—

Sing, God of Love, and tell me in what dearth
Thrice-gifted SNEVELLICCI came on earth,
To thrill us with her smile, her tear, her eye,
Sing, God of Love, and tell me quickly why.

Besides these effusions, there were innumerable complimentary allusions, also extracted from newspapers, such as—"We observe from an advertisement in another part of our paper to-day, that the charming and highly-talented Miss Snevellicci takes her benefit on Wednesday, for which occasion she has put forth a bill of fare that might kindle exhilaration in the breast of a misanthrope. In the confidence that our fellow-townsmen have not lost that high appreciation of public ability and private worth, for which they have long been so pre-eminently distinguished, we predict that this charming actress will be greeted with a bumper." "To Correspondents.—J. S. is misinformed when he supposes that the highly-gifted and beautiful Miss Snevellicci, nightly captivating all hearts at our pretty and commodious little theatre, is *not* the same lady to whom the young gentleman of immense fortune, residing within a hundred miles of the good city of York, lately made honourable proposals. We have reason to know that Miss Snevellicci *is* the lady who was implicated in that mysterious and romantic affair, and whose conduct on that occasion did no less honour to her head and heart, than do her histrionic triumphs to her brilliant genius." A most copious assortment of such paragraphs as these, with long bills of benefits all endingwith "Come Early," in large capitals, formed the principal contents of Miss Snevellicci's scrap-book.

Nicholas had read a great many of these scraps, and was absorbed in a circumstantial and melancholy account of the train of events which had led to Miss Snevellicci's spraining her ancle by slipping on a piece of orange-peel flung by a monster in human form, (so the paper said,) upon the stage at Winchester,—when that young lady herself, attired in the coal-scuttle bonnet and walking-dress complete, tripped into the room, with a thousand apologies for having detained him so long after the appointed time.

[They visit Mr. and Mrs. Curdle, who declare that "the drama is gone, perfectly gone;" and certainly a remark made by Mr. Curdle (who fancied himself a tremendous critic, and profound commentator,) is not unlike some fine writing, which passes current now-a-days for the very soul of criticism. "As an exquisite embodiment of the poet's visions, and a realization of human intellectuality, gilding with refulgent light our dreamy moments, and laying open a new and magic world before the mental eye, 'the drama is gone, perfectly gone!' said Mr. Curdle."

A Mr. Brown and family are also visited, who promise their patronage to Miss Snevellicci; as did several others; but we hasten to the account of the performance]:—

At half-past five there was a five people to the gallery-door; at a quarter before six there were at least a dozen; at six o'clock the kicks were terrific; and when the elder Master Crummles opened the door, he was obliged to run behind it for his life. Fifteen shillings were taken by Mrs. Grudden in the first ten minutes.

Behind the scenes the same unwonted excitement prevailed. Miss Snevellicci was in such a perspiration that the paint would scarcely stay on her face. Mrs. Crummles was so nervous that she could hardly remember her part. Miss Bravassa's ringlets came out of curl with the heat and anxiety; even Mr. Crummles himself kept peeping through the hole in the curtain, and running back every now and then to announce that another man had come into the pit.

At last the orchestra left off, and the curtain rose upon the new piece. The first scene, in which there was nobody in particular, passed off calmly enough, but when Miss Snevellicci went on in the second, accompanied by the phenomenon as "Child," what a roar of applause broke out. The people in the Borum box rose as one man, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and uttering shouts of "bravo!" Mrs. Borum and the governess cast wreaths upon the stage, of which some fluttered into the lamps, and one crowned the temples of a fat gentleman in the pit, who, looking eagerly towards the scene, remained unconscious of the honor; the tailor and his family kicked at the panels of the upper boxes till they threatened to come out altogether; the very ginger-beer boy remained transfixed in the centre of the house; a young officer, supposed to entertain a passion for Miss Snevellicci, stuck his glass in his eye as though to hide a tear. Again and again Miss Snevellicci curtseyed lower and lower, and again and again the applause came down louder and louder. At length when the phenomenon picked np one of the smoking wreaths, and put it on sideways over Miss Snevellicci's eye, it reached its climax, and the play proceeded.

But when Nicholas came on for his crack scene with Mrs. Crummles, what a clapping of hands there was? When Mrs. Crummles (who was his unworthy mother) sneered, and called him "presumptuous boy," and he defied her, what a tumult of applause came on! When he quarreled with the other gentleman about the young lady, and producing a case of pistols, said, that if he was a gentleman, he would fight him in that drawing-room, till the furniture was sprinkled with the blood of one, if not of two—how boxes, pit, and gallery joined in one most vigorous cheer! When he called his mother names, because she wouldn't give up the young lady's property, and she relenting caused him to relent likewise, and fall down on one knee and ask her blessing, how the ladies in the audience sobbed! When he was hid behind the curtain in the dark, and the wicked relation poked a sharp sword in every direction, save where his legs were plainly visible, what a thrill of anxious fear ran through the house! His air, his figure, his walk, his look, everything he said or did was the subject of commendation. There was a round of applause every time he spoke. And when at last, in the pump-and-tub scene, Mrs. Grudden lighted the blue fire, and all the unemployed members of the company came in, and tumbled down in various directions—not because that had anything to do with the plot, but in order to finish off with a tableau—the audience, (who had by this time increased considerably) gave vent to such a shout of enthusiasm, as had not been heard within those walls for many and many a day.

In short, the success both of new piece and new actor was complete, and when Miss Snevellicci was called for at the end of the play, Nicholas led her on, and divided the applause.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

The Cracks of the Old Dominion.—It turns out, notwithstanding the thousand rumors to the contrary, that neither Col. JOHNSON's stable, nor Mr. WILSON's, have made any demonstrations of "carrying the war into Africa" this Fall. We have heard it positively asserted half a dozen times, that *Boston* and *Charlotte Russe* were at Raleigh (just before the meeting there), and that *Omega*, *Portsmouth*, and *Mediator* were on their way to New Orleans, *via* Augusta. Last Sunday the three last were at home in fine order, at Norfolk, thinking of nothing but the never-dying victories achieved during the last campaign, and with Boston and Charlotte, not calculating to appear again in public until the publication of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES' annual *List of the Winners in* 1838.

The Great Produce Stakes, at Nashville, Tenn., of $5000 each subscription, Four mile heats, to be run during the Fall meeting of 1843, is getting on famously, and will be the largest stake ever made up in this country or Europe. It closes on the 1st of January. Since our last, the following nominations have been made:—

Col. Wade Hampton, of S. C., names produce of Imp. Delphine (by Whisker) and Plenipo.
Hon. Alex Barrow, of La., names produce of Lilac (by Imp. Leviathan) and Imp. Skylark.
Henry A. Tayloe, of Ala., names produce of Howa (by Imp. Luzborough) and Mingo.
Col. Adam L. Bingaman, of Miss., names produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone (by Stockholder) and Woodpecker.

In another column, it will be seen that "J. K. D." revives the question—"Is a bet naming two horses against the field *void*, if one of the horses named fails to start?" and discusses the matter at length with considerable ingenuity. We conceive his premises untenable, and having heretofore expressed an opinion on the subject, turn over our correspondent to a "knowing one," who has promised to "back our opinion" with an article next week.

C. C. S. FARRAR, Esq., of St. Francisville, La., has purchased of JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala., a *sucking* colt by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Pickle (sister to Mango, Preserve, etc., by Emilius, out of Mustard, by Merlin), for $3000!

Gen. GREEN, of Texas, (formerly of Va.) has bought of Dr. ROBT. W. WITHERS, of Greensboro', Ala., his b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs., for $2000.

Messrs. DAVIS & RAGLAND, of Alabama, have engaged Mr. GEORGE SKINNER as trainer next season. Skinner lately had charge of Col. WYNN's Southern stable.

The Queen.—The sale of this beautiful imported Priam filly, out of Delphine, has been rescinded. She was sold to WM. MYERS, Esq., of Columbia; Dr. MERRITT has since refused her to another gentleman for $8000 cash.

Mr. R. H. LONG, of Columbus, Miss., has sold his imported 3 yr. old filly *Likeness* (by Sir Peter Lely, dam by Worthless,) to THOS. REEVE, Esq., of Miss., for $6,500.

Col. W. C. BEATTY, of Yorkville, S. C., has sold his 4 yr. old gr. f. *Almira* (by Eclipse, dam by Stockholder,) to Maj. JOHN GIST, of Union, S. C., for $4,800.

WM. HITCHCOCK, a Northern trainer, has been engaged for the season by POWELL McRA, Esq., of Manchester, S. C. The sale of a draft from this gentleman's stud took place during the Columbia races; two brood mares and a yearling Rowton filly brought $1200.

Dr. GEORGE GOODWYN, of Belfield, Va., has sold his 4 yr. old filly *Polly Green* (half sister to *Portsmouth*), by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham, to LEWIS LOVELL, Esq., (HAMMOND's partner), of Augusta, Ga., for $2000.

JOHN MORRISON, Esq., of Augusta, Ga., has sold his br. h. *Pennoyer*, 5 yrs. (by Henry, out of the celebrated Ariel,) to Dr. JAMES LEVERITCH, of that city, for $3000. He is to stand there next season at $50, at H. DALBY's stable.

A New Course at Wheeling, Va.—The "Times and Advertiser" of that city, informs us that a new race track is about to be laid out there by Maj. NORVELL. We quote:—

"We learn that Maj. JOHN E. NORVELL, the proprietor of the Race Course at Charlestown, Va., has leased for a term of years, from Mr. JOHN GOODE, a part of his farm situate on the National Road three miles from Wheeling, for the purpose of establishing a course on that ground. It is a business with which, we have been informed, Maj. N. is well acquainted, and should he carry out his views as they have been explained to us, we have but little doubt that he will do much to elevate the character of the sports of the Turf at this place, which of late years have evidently been on the decline. The first regular meeting of the club will take place in April or May next, when all the arrangements necessary for the same will be made."

Old *Eclipse* has gone from Kentucky to Franklin, Tenn., where he will stand next season, at the stable of Mr. JAMES SWANSON. The "Western Review" of the 7th instant, in alluding to the old champion, speaks to the following effect:—

"For speed and bottom he has no superiors, and though now about 24 yrs. old, the grace, elegance, and elasticity of his form, are as full as when in his racing days he walked the course the pride of every eye, and the conqueror of all competitors. The enterprise and public spirit of the gentlemen who have succeeded in getting him to Tennessee, are worthy of all praise. It will accomplish much for the improvement of our blood stock, and will receive, as it deserves, rich and liberal encouragement."

Sales of Cattle, Sheep, etc.—The following items are furnished by the "Franklin Farmer" of the 8th, a capital miscellany published at Frankfort, Ky.

HENRY CLAY, Jr. Esq., of Fayette County, Ky., sold his cow *Princess*, a few days since, to Messrs. JOHN & RICHARD ALLEN, of the same county, for $2000.

WILLIAM P. CURD, Esq., of Fayette Co., purchased of Mr. JOHN R. BRYANT, of the Society of Shakers, Pleasant Hill, Mercer county, Ky., a few days ago, a pair of Berkshire Hogs, for which he paid $500.

THOS H. CLAY, Esq., purchased at the sale of Mr. THOS. SMITH, last week, near Lexington, the improved short-horned Durham Calf *Grosvenor*, 2 yrs. old, for $700.

Kirkpatrick, formerly the property of Messrs. OFFUTT & WASHINGTON, of Scott county, was purchased at the same time by Messrs. WILLIAMS, LEWIS & VILEY, for $600.

Kentucky State Agricultural Society.—The annual meeting of this Society will be held in Frankfort on the second Monday in January. The Vice Presidents in each District, and the County Societies, are requested to see that delegates are appointed to attend this meeting. It is exceedingly desirable that every county of the State be fully and ably represented, as business of high importance to the agricultural interests of the whole State will then be transacted.

THOS. B. STEVENSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

Tennessee vs. *Kentucky.*—The "Western Review" of the 7th instant, published at Franklin, Tenn., contains the following bantering paragraphs upon the Mule breeding of the two States.—

We have greater Jacks in Tennessee than old Kentuck, if not so many of them, biped or quadruped. Our countyman, JOHN H. HINTON, sent a challenge to the stock raisers of Kentucky, in September last, greeting: That whereas their commonwealth had stood pre-eminent in the production of that useful, though stupid animal of the species *asinus*, vulgarly called Jacks, from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; he, the said John H. Hinton, in consideration of the premises, aroused by State pride, and entertaining the utmost confidence in the strength, length, breadth, and form of his good *King Cyrus*, tendered a wager of a silver cup (worth $50) to show his Persian Majesty with any other Jack, bred in the said commonwealth, at Bowling Green, on or before the 15th day of November. The challenge remained open in the Franklin Farmer (published at Frankfort) for two months, *without acceptance*, and Col. Hinton has just been advised by the clever and candid editor of that journal, that Cyrus will not even get a "single shot" for the silver cup. So much for stock raising in Tennessee.

Neighbor Hogan, set down King Cyrus, if you please, against Bostick's *calf*; and be cautious how you brag on Williamson stock *bred in Davidson*.

Nashville Whig.

We quote the above for the edification of our stock raising friends in Williamson, from the Nashville Whig of the 26th. We'll attend to your banter brother Norvell, at our next cattle show, and if we don't go a-head of it, it will not be for want of trying.

Review.

Fanny Wright.—This "crack" of the South-west did not accompany Col. BINGAMAN's string to New Orleans this season, in consequence of her complaining in one of her fore legs. *Sarah Bladen*, who headed the lot, was also amiss, we learn, in her race at the Eclipse Course, with *Wagner*.

The Imported Stock.—A capital article over the signature of "A" will be found in another column, in reply to a communication by "Captain," which excited so much interest. We shall be glad to hear from both correspondents frequently. In the meantime, it appears that the imported colts and fillies are backing up the opinion of "A" pretty smartly. In to-day's paper we have recorded a four mile race won by *Monarch*—a three mile race won by *Emily*, and another by *Maria Black*, and a two mile race won by *The Queen*, and another by *Britannia*, all of whom were imported.

There will be about as many stallions on Long Island, next season, as there are mares, but we are glad to see that in addition to imported *Trustee*, who remains at his old stand, breeders will have the services of *Shark*, who has returned from Virginia. These two, of course, will command the choice of the fine mares, and may expect a liberal patronage, which is more than can be anticipated for the others. The colts of both horses are very bloodlike, and promise to do their sires great credit. The horses themselves are of fashionable blood, were good performers, and come of racing families. Shark's terms are $60 and $100, while Trustee's are put down to $30 cash, for the purpose of encouraging breeders of a superior class of horses for the road; the risk of sending fine brood mares to the South, determined Mr. LIVINGSTON to keep the horse here, for the accommodation of himself and friends, though fully aware that on the score of profit, he had much better have sent Trustee to the South or West, which he has been repeatedly urged to do by breeders in those sections.

The New Orleans races over the *Metarie Course* commenced on the 12th inst. with a match for $2500 aside, Four mile heats, between Maj. THOS. J. WELLS' bl. f. *Extant* by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Refugee, 3 yrs., and Messrs. GREER and SIMMONS' b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles. Extant let down in the 1st heat, though he won it, and was drawn; of course the Pacific colt carried off the stakes.

Admiral.—In giving the pedigree of this son of Imp. Barefoot in this paper of the 1st inst., we were careless enough to be led into an error by one in Skinner's "General Stud Book." His g. g. dam, Maid of the Oaks, we stated to have been got by Imp. *Shark*, when we should have said Imp. *Spread Eagle*. If the reader will turn to *Medoc's* pedigree, page 1069 of Skinner's Stud Book, he will see that the pedigree as there given is incorrect. Erase the word *Shark*, and insert *Spread Eagle* with your pencil, and it may save *you* from falling into the same error that we did.

Pickerel Fishing.—A city friend writes us from Dover, N. H., under date of the 13th instant of the following capital day's sport:—

"Yesterday was the loveliest of the lovely days I ever experienced in any clime. Four of us rode seven miles to a pond about three quarters of a mile long, and in two hours caught through holes cut in the ice, *forty-one* Pike, weighing altogether *eighty pounds!* The thermometer ranges to-day at noon 47 degrees above zero, and so perfectly transparent are the heavens, that Sol cuts the sight 'like a knife.'"

Pine Bluff (Ark.) *Fall Races.*—The Secretary of the Club sends us the annexed report of the recent meeting! It is something to know that a meeting was held at all, though we confess the amount of information conveyed is rather *sparse*. Pray let us have a full report:—

"The Fall Meeting of the Pine Bleff Jockey Club commenced on the 17th ult., and lasted four days—we had a good deal of sport, and much betting—our track is a little over a mile, and our best time was 2:00. I will defer giving an account in full of our races now, but am in hopes at our next meeting I will be able to give the particulars.

J. T. P., Secretary."

CHARLESTON, (S.C.) Dec. 10, 1838.

Mr. Editor,—A gentleman going home a few nights ago rather blue, and wishing to light a candle, proceeded to blow at what he supposed was a coal of fire in the chimney. After puffing vigorously for some time, he put out his hand to ascertain what was the matter with the fire, and by that means unwillingly came to the conclusion, that for the last quarter of an hour he had been "blowing the moonshine," which streamed coldly on the hearth through a hole in the shutter!

E.

Sweepstakes, Natchez, Miss.

The Secretary of the Club sends us the following report of a Sweepstakes for Creole horses of Mississippi and Louisiana, run over the *Pharsalia Course*:—

SATURDAY, Nov 3, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Four subs. at $300 each. $100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (J. Surget's) gr. g. *Joe Medley*, by Chambers' Medley, out of Fortuna 1
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand .... dist.
Time, 1:58.

The rider of the filly having dismounted before coming to the scales without permission, was declared distanced.

GREY EAGLE'S TIME AT LOUISVILLE.

FRANKFORT, (Ky.) Nov. 29th, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times,—DEAR SIR,—In the report of the Louisville (Ky.) Fall Races, which appeared in your paper of the 10th inst., I see that the time of the two mile heats' sweepstake, won by Mr. MILES W. DICKEY's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, beating Mr. J. W. FENWICK's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, Mr. J. K. DUKE's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, and Mr. J. R WARD's b. f. by Bertrand, is reported to have been 3:41 in the first heat, and 3:43½ in the second heat. Being fully assured that the time of the first heat, as reported, is most palpably incorrect, I am induced to state a few facts, to which you will please give place in the Spirit of the Times, not for the purpose of derogating from the high character of the very excellent horses which contended for the prize on this occasion, but with a view of undeceiving the public mind relative to this race, which has excited so much interest in sporting circles.

As the race was one of great interest, both on account of the number of entries, and the fame of the horses which appeared on the course for the contest, many experienced timers, not less than seven of which were positively known to the author of this communication, were induced to select favorable situations, and to hold the best watches which could be procured, for the purpose of ascertaining the correct time; and no doubt great accuracy was attempted. These timers varied generally from 3:47 to 3:49 the first heat, some of whom, however, made it a little less than 3:47, but none 3:41, the time reported; which, it was understood, was made by only one watch, held in the judge's stand, and it is presumed, of course, by one of the official timers. In the second heat, there were probably more watches held than in the first, and they varied from 3:43 to 3:45, none making the time more or less; which, at the lowest estimate, would make the first heat 3:47, or thereabout, and the second heat about 3:43, or 3:43½, as reported. Besides, that the second heat was faster than the first, was, from the manner of running, to any experienced and discriminating eye, a most evident fact, for neither of the fillies, in the first heat, appeared to make any very great effort till within about half a mile of the close, when both Maria Duke and Queen Mary quickened their pace considerably, and kept up pretty strong running to about the distance stand, when, ascertaining they could not win the heat, they both, as well as Grey Eagle, pulled up, and passed the judges' stand almost in a canter, Grey Eagle winning the heat by two or three lengths; whereas, in the second heat, Queen Mary, followed by Maria Duke, made strong running from the score, and kept it up throughout the whole heat, while Grey Eagle was leading by a few lengths till they entered the last stretch, when Queen Mary began to lessen the gap, and continued to gain rapidly to the end, and lost the heat by only a neck, both being fully extended.

Believing it to be the most proper medium through which corrections like the above should be made, I have sent this communication to the Spirit of the Times; and, as I conclude, must wish to its publication a long continuance, and an increasing prosperity.

A TIMER.

LETTER FROM "LEWIS OF LOUISIANA."

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 7, 1838.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was not aware, until a few days since, on my return home from my long tour, how much I am indebted to you. On looking over a file of the "Spirit," I there found, in your paper of the 9th June, the truth of the old saying—"that a friend in need," &c. Thanks, a thousand thanks, for your kind services, in keeping "*M. of Florida*" out of my hair. What an escape I had! I must take good care not to get into any more such, not that I incurred any personal danger. *Pas si bête*, as we say here, for I am somewhat old, as you know, short-sighted, timid, and all that. Why, it would require a regiment of men, with loaded muskets, and fixed bayonets, to force me into a fight, and then they could not do it. Besides, if I were quarrelsome, I would not quarrel with a man who *ever saw* such a shot as "M." once saw made. But I have no doubt he is a fine fellow, as he is a good writer, and I should like amazingly to settle all disputes with him over some old Madeira, and have you present, as a kind of ambi-dexter, double-hearted, strong-stomach'd friend.

Since we shook hands in New York, "I've been roaming:" I have visited Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, as I told you I intended; and such sights! Such horses, mares, and geldings, such colts, fillies, and foals. 'Tis useless talking, but I won't get over my admiration in less than a year. Oh! the beauties! The Sarpedons, Tranbys, Bertrands, Medocs, Leviathans—Le-via-than, not Le-vi-a-than, as many people say.

"Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line."

A. E. D.

I wish you would try and persuade (that prince of Whig editors) friend PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal, to be a *leetle* more chary with his communicated poetry. What does he mean, witty, and accomplished, and poetical as he is, by palming the following on his readers as poetry:—

"And still on old Erie the Thunder God pillows
His forehead of fury in garlands of flame!" &c.

See Journal 31st July, 1838. WILLIAM WALLACE.

If Prentice will not gratify us with some of his own beautiful effusions, let him at least not inflict upon us such rhapsodies as this. One of his own gems, like those of yore, were worth all the effusions of the several Judys of the *Journal*, their own bepraisement of each other to the contrary notwithstanding. But I must take care and not get into another scrape.

Prentice and yourself (now don't be vain) are decidedly the two most * * * You have the advantage of him, however, in themes. You, sir, are occupied in praising and describing the noblest specimens of a noble animal, whilst he, unfortunately, though laudably, is holding up in their true colors [* * * some extraordinary specimens * * *] of another class. Success to both.

There is another thing I wish you would do, for they say here you can do anything; viz. put a stop to an improper practice very common among young ladies of the present day, of always kissing, kissing, kissing, each other, when they meet, as if there was any fun in that. To my notion, it is very like mixing honey and sugar in the same cup. Besides, my dear Sir, *just think of the waste in the raw material!*

And so your correspondent, the Rev. H. M. CRYER, is instigating you to commit matrimony! I should like to catch you at it; as I think it would be the means of reforming at least one of the above alluded to young ladies. However, don't you *trust yourself in his hands.*

Apropos—of *Bots in horses.*—In a work of great merit, "The History of the Horse," published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (in London); after giving an account of the "birth, rank, manners and education" of the bots, I find the following:—

"There are several plain conclusions from this history. The botts cannot, while they inhabit the stomach of the horse, give the animal any pain, for they are fastened on the cuticular and insensible coat. They cannot stimulate the stomach and increase its digestive power, for they are not a digestive portion of the stomach. They cannot by their roughness, assist the trituration or rubbing down of the food, for no such office is performed in that part of the stomach—the food is softened, not rubbed down. They cannot be injurious to the horse, for he enjoys the most perfect health when the cuticular of the stomach is filled with them, and their presence is not even suspected until they appear at the anus. They cannot be removed by medicine, because they are not in that part of the stomach to which medicine is usually conveyed; and if they were, their mouths are too deeply buried in the mucus for any medicine, that can safely be administered, to affect them; and last of all, in due course of time they detach themselves and come away. Therefore the wise man will leave them to themselves, or content himself with picking them off when they collect under the tail, and annoy the animal."

Now is this true, or any part of it, and how much? How does it happen that we frequently hear of horses dying of this disease, and of various remedies for its cure? Will you, or some of your correspondents, learned in horse-flesh, shed light on this mooted, but important point. [See a communication in to-day's paper, from J. C. WALKER, Esq. of La., on this subject.]

I was at Lexington during the Fall Races. To say that I love the Kentuckians, would only be repeating what every person says who knows them. We had fine sport. *Hawk-Eye* is a noble animal—I like him better than I do *Pressure*. *Sthreshley* is also very fine. The same may be said of *Tom Benton*—I mean the horse. People should recollect, that blood horses have great pride, and fine feelings, and treat them accordingly. I knew a first rate mare, seriously injured for life, in being named after a talented lady, who is so big a fool, that she is an infidel! I mean *Fanny Wright.*—But enough now.

Yours,
LEWIS OF L.

TROTTING CHALLENGE.

An advertisement under the above head, signed C. S. BARTINE, Philadelphia, has been inserted, for the last week, in several of the New York papers. It is so ambiguously worded, that it would "puzzle" one of the far famed lawyers from his own city to understand and unravel it.

As far as I have been able to ascertain its purport, Mr. B. offers several trotting matches in harness and under the saddle, between the horses *Daniel Webster* and *Cato*, of a character that had never before been thought of by the parties interested.

Such a condition as a forfeit the advertiser appears to be unacquainted with. If he *really* wishes to make a match of Two mile heats in harness, (the only one ever spoken of by the undersigned,) for $500 aside, $300 forfeit, either over the Hunting Park or Centreville Courses, he can have it. The time and place optional with Mr. B., provided three weeks' notice is given. Should he choose the Hunting Park Course, the owner of Cato shall receive $50 dollars for taking the horse to Philadelphia; but should Mr. B. select the Centreville Course, he shall be paid the like sum for bringing his horse to this city.

New York, 22d Dec., 1838. CATO'S OWNER.

Rifle Shooting—General Challenge.—J. C. Williams, of Hinds Co., Miss., has a good opinion of his own talents at shooting a rifle, as the following "advertise" he has put out will show:—

A Banter against Everybody.—Having lately, "used up" a celebrated marksman of Claiborne Co., Miss., I *now* propose to shoot against *any man*, any named distance, from 20 to 60 yards, off hand, with a rifle gun, for any amount of money that may be named. My residence is near New Town, Hinds Co., Miss.

The N. O. "Picayune" of the 13th contains the following sporting joke:—

"A friend of ours, who is one of the most influential merchants in the city, one of the Ladies' Committee at the upper Race Course, and a heavy planter down the Coast, has been busily engaged for the last few weeks attending to his sugar crop. On receiving a letter a few days since, stating that his attendance was anxiously looked for at the Eclipse Course, he sent back for answer that he had entered the field on another course against Jack Frost, and as he had several thousand dollars pending upon the result, he was compelled to stay and see it out, fearful, if he withdrew, that Jack might walk over the field, and he would have to pay a heavy forfeit. This is the happiest thing we have heard lately."

Rich Enough.—In the new work on Paraguay, the author tells us of a resident, named Candioti, who is lord of three hundred square leagues of territory; owner of two hundred and fifty thousand horned cattle; master of three hundred thousand horses and mules, and of more than half a million of dollars, laid up in his coffers, in ounces of gold imported from Peru. We should think this would satisfy any one.

Boston Post.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) FALL RACES, Lafayette Course.

We learn from one of our special correspondents that the Jockey Club meeting over the Lafayette Course commenced on Monday the 10th inst., under very favorable auspices, the weather being fine, and the track in most excellent order. The meeting was numerously attended, and everything went off with spirit. The sport was plentiful, the purses being of an improved character, and the general management of a nature to give complete satisfaction.

At a meeting of the club on Monday evening, the following gentlemen were elected Officers for the ensuing year:—

Col. JOHN PHINIZY, Pres't; Dr. J. G. McWHORTER, Vice Pres't, and CAPT. A. CUMMING, 2d Vice Pres't; L. A. THOMPSON, Esq. Secretary and Treasurer; Stewards, Messrs. JOHN G. WINTER, D. L. HALLIDAY, M. H. MUSGROVE, W. J. EVE, W. G. NIMMO, and JAS. DYE, Esqrs.; Timers, Major D. DICKENSON and Col. A. FLUD.

MONDAY, Dec. 10, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, colts 90lbs. fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's) imported ch. f *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine (Monarch's dam) by Whisker	rec'd ft.

From Col Hampton's imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada; lame.
G. Edmonson's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
John Morrison & Co.'s ch. c. *Highland Henry*, by Henry, out of Highland Mary.

TUESDAY, Dec. 11—Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's b. f. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Augustus Flud's imported b. f. *Lily*, by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon, 4 yrs	4	2
John Morrison's b. g. *Jim Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	3
G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, by Director Jr, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	3	4
A. Jeter's ch. h. *Henry Buster*, by Eclipse, out of Maid of Lodi, 5 yrs	dist	
M. R. Smith's ch. c. *Boots*, by Bertrand, out of Mary Frances, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:50—3:48.

The betting was Polly Green against the field. On making the start, Jim Kearney led off and made strong running, Polly going 2d, and Alice 3d, and the others lying well up. The play was preserved with great resolution, Jim leading for the first mile and a half, when Polly and Alice began to creep up, made play, and collared the gelding; and on making the last turn, Polly and Jim were both together, and made a beautiful run home, where Polly drew clear and won by about a length, distancing Boots and Henry Buster.

Second heat.—Polly took the lead, with Alice close up, and Lily 3d; they continued in this order until they entered on the quarter stretch in the first round; here Lily challenged, passed Alice, and made play at Polly, when a beautiful contest ensued between the two; they went to work at a merry rate; Polly, however, maintained her position throughout, winning by about a length. It is but justice to remark that Lily was not up to the mark in condition, as also Jim Kearney, who was as fat as a seal.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12—Purse $700, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imported b. f. *Emily*, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	4	2
John Morrison's b. g. *Major Jones*, by Andrew, out of Empress, the dam of Vertumnus, 4 yrs	2	3
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	3	dist.
G. Edmonson's br. m. *Charlotte Barnes*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 5:51—5:53½.

This race created great excitement, especially as Billy Townes, one of the crack nags of Virginia, was entered; he was the favorite against the field at 2 to 1; it was a great betting race, and a good deal was done among the business men up to the moment when they appeared on the track; and when the word "Saddle your horses" proceeded from the judges' stand, Billy stripped and appeared amiss—Emily looked all that could be wished, and did credit to her trainer, Mr. STEWART; Major Jones was rather high in flesh, and Charlotte looked well; but Linwood was not exactly up to the mark. All being ready, the drum gave the signal to be off.

Away they went Charlotte leading, Linwood next, Major 3d, Emily 4th, and Billy last; before making the first turn, Linwood placed himself in front, and kept the lead for two miles without any change of consequence. After getting round the first turn in the 3d mile, they all went at a killing pace down the back stretch—here the Major went up, challenged Linwood, and passed him; Emily showed that she had something to spare, and Billy in hand; about half a mile from home Emily made play, and lapped the Major, and on entering the last quarter, the rally was severe, head and head, and about ten rods from home, Emily headed him and won by half a length.

Second heat.—Major made the running to the turns; here Billy took the lead. In going down the back stretch, Linwood came up, and at the half mile passed, and maintained his position for the first mile, and then began to fall back a little. In going up to the rising ground, Billy made his run, challenged, and headed Linwood. Major now came forward and placed himself 2d, and on coming down the quarter stretch in the 2d round, a pretty rally ensued between Billy and Major—Billy, however, defeated him, and continued to lead for about half way round, when Gil Patrick called upon Emily, made play, and closed in upon her competitor; a splendid race took place; on making the last turn home, the pace became severe, both under the whip and spur; and on coming in Emily won by half a neck only. Gil Patrick rode Emily in most admirable style; both the filly and jockey were the theme of general admiration.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13—Purse $1500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imported b. c. *Monarch*, by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Delphine, 4 yrs	1	1
Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs	3	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs	2	3

Time, 8:10—8:36

The betting on this race was 3 and 4 to 1 on Monarch against the field. Monarch was in superb condition, Gerow appeared to be rather lame, and Clodhopper looked pretty well. They all went off at a moderate pace, Gerow taking the lead; there was no dash at the start, all seemed contented to wait, and soon took places single file, Clodhopper 2d, and Monarch last. They came round the 1st mile, all in hand, waiting upon each other; the 2d mile was performed much in the same way, and on the back stretch in the 3d, Clodhopper went up to Gerow and challenged, when they both went at it at their full speed, Monarch trailing a little in the rear, under a hard pull, and when about half a mile from home, he closed in upon them with all the ease imaginable, and drew clear, under a hard pull, and came home in beautiful style about a length a-head.

2d heat.—The betting now was principally between Gerow and Clodhopper. At the start they went off at a common exercising gallop, each waiting upon the other to make play; they went so slow, that a facetious chap in the stand offered to bet 5 to 1 they wouldn't come round by *sun down.* They continued in this amusing manner for the first two rounds, when old Clodhopper began to move his legs a little faster, made running and lapped, and after a pretty lively rally down the quarter stretch, succeeded in passing his competitors, and came in a-head at the termination of the 3d mile, and went away on the 4th, still retaining the lead. On nearing the last turn, Monarch, as in the first heat, marched past them under a hard pull, and came home five or six lengths in advance. The contest between Gerow and Clod. for the supremacy was interesting, and won by the former by about a length.

FRIDAY, Dec. 14—Purse $400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	3	1	1	1
Wm Porter's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	4	2	2	2	2
John Morrison's b. h. *Southerner*, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 5 yrs	6	6	4	5	3
Wm. McCargo's b. c. *John Linton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla, 3 yrs	5	4	5	4	4
Hammond & Lovell's b. c. *Target*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	1	1	3	3	dr
M. R. Smith's ch. f. *Elvira*, by Red Gauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs	3	5	dr		

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:54—1:54—1:51.

The betting was Ajarrah against the field at 2 and 3 to 1. At starting, Southerner and Elvira set off together, and made running at a great pace for about half a mile, when Target, closely followed by Alice, came and challenged; a pretty smart rally ensued for a short distance, when Target drew clear, and defeated his competitors, winning by about a length, hard in hand. *2d heat.*—Ajarrah still the favorite at odds. Target made running, and after a pretty severe contest with Ajarrah, he came in a head about a length. *3d heat.*—2 to 1 on Target. John Linton and Southerner made all the play to the back stretch, when Alice and Ajarrah came away, and made a beautiful race home, Alice winning by about a length. *4th heat.*—Betting was now even on Alice vs. the field. A fine race, and won by Alice by about a length. *5th heat.*—3 to 1 on Alice. After a false start, Alice, after a severe race with Ajarrah, came home and won by a length only.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eight subs. at $500 each, h. ft., declaration $100 Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (& Capt. J. P. Corbin's) b. c. *Altorf*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Countess Plater by Virginian	1	1
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. *Count Zaldivar*, by Andrew, dam by Timoleon	2	2

Time, 3.51—4:00. Track heavy.

The following declared off:—
Bonner & Iverson's b. c. *Lieut. Bassinger*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Roanoke.
John Morrison's ch. c. *Highland Henry*, pedigree above.
———— b. f. by Red Shark, dam by Arab.
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. *Bunckum*, by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin.
Col. W. Hampton's b. f. *Ella*, pedigree above.
G. Edmonson's gr. f. by Bertrand, out of Sister to Chestatee.

The betting on this race was immense. The Virginians backed their nag with a great deal of spirit; and before they appeared on the track Altorf was the favorite. On being stripped, they both appeared to be in pretty good plight. At the tap of the drum the Count took the lead, Altorf, hard in hand, about a length behind; they went in this order for the first half mile, when Altorf challenged, and without difficulty came in front, and won the heat by three or four lengths, under a hard pull.

2d heat.—Betting now 10 to 1 on Altorf. At starting they both got off well, and kept pretty close to each other for about half way round, when the Count gave it up, fell far behind, and was completely beaten. In performing the 1st mile, Altorf was upwards of 60 yards in advance, and on making the last turn home, he had to be pulled up to prevent him from distancing the Count.

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

ECLIPSE COURSE.

The annual Fall Meeting commenced on Tuesday the 4th inst., but owing to the inclemency of the weather and the dreadful state of the track, the President postponed the racing until Friday the 7th, when the sport was followed up. Our special correspondent, who furnishes the report annexed, writes us that the attendance on each day was numerous and fashionable.

Officers of the Club:—Judges, Hon. ALEXANDER PORTER, (President,) CUTHBERT BULLITT, Esq. and Dr. DAVID C. KERR, Esq, (Vice Presidents); Distance Judges, JOHN SLIDELL, and H. C. CAMMACK, Esqrs.; Secretary, J. R. STERRETT, Esq.; Timers, Thos. Eubank Leefe, and John F. Miller, Esqrs.; Stewards, Dr. Beatty, John Hagan, Jr., Minor Kenner, C. M. Jones, Wm. Christy, Chas. Clegg, Richard Hagan, Peter Cenas, H. W. Palfrey, T. M. Doyle, G. Merrick, and S. M. Read, Esqrs.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $1500, of which the 2d horse will receive $300 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $1200; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs) to m.'s and g.'s. Entrance 10 per cent. Three mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. m. *Zelina* by Imp Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs	1
Thos. W. Chinn's b. c. *Brown Elk*, by Buck Elk, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 6:44. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7—Proprietor's Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $1000; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. Wm J. Minor's imported b. f. *Britannia*, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs	2	2	1	1
Minor Kenner's gr. f. *The Jewess*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	1	2	2
Sosthene Allain's (F Duplantier's) ch. f. *Wren*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs	1	3	3	3

Time, 4:21—4:29—4:38—4:37. Track heavy.

This was an interesting race. Wren was the favorite against the field at odds, which were freely taken by the friends of Britannia, who had the order, and was in much better fix than her competitors.

First heat—Britannia had the lead, followed by Wren, who made a brush at Britannia in the back stretch of the 2d mile; the struggle was severe, but victory declared in favor of the bird, who took the lead, and won the heat in handsome style. The track was excessively heavy, the soil clinging to their hoofs like pitch.

Second heat.—Wren was now more than ever the favorite, at 3 to 1 against the field, and the Jewess had not yet ran a jump; these odds were freely taken. Britannia had the lead; both the Jewess and Wren made a dash at the start, the former ultimately gaining the advantage, and led away in gallant style; Britannia finding that the bird had had enough, came into play and made some powerful running; but the gray kept up the killing stroke with which she commenced the heat, and won with plenty to spare.

Third heat.—Jewess had the lead, with Britannia close at her heels; this position was kept until a mile and a half of the ground had been gone over, when Britannia made a brush at the Jewess, and as instantly passed, winning the heat under whip and spur.

Fourth heat.—They got away all well up, but Britannia soon darted away from her competitors; the beautiful Leviathan made a rally, and came up to Britannia—the interest for a short time was intense—the bird has the brown filly,—no, she retires,—the Jewess now came into the action, passed Wren, and made a desperate run at Britannia; the persuaders were freely used, which brought Britannia to the judges' stand several lengths in advance of the other two fillies, winning the heat and race in admirable style.

SATURDAY, Dec. 8—Jockey Club Purse $2500, of which the 2d best horse will receive $500 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $2000; conditions as before Four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 8:15—9:11. Track heavy.

The result of this race was looked for with great anticipations; for days previous, bets to a large amount were made by the friends of both nags. The Mississippians and Tennesseeans went it with a perfect looseness the night previous. The saloon of the Exchange Hotel was crowded with turfmen from all sections of the Union. The betting was carried on with great spirit until a late hour; the amount of money staked could not have been less than $100,000. The attendance on the field was large, the stands were crowded, and the Member's Stand presented a galaxy of beauty.

The start was advertised for one o'clock; at that hour the agony was intense, and shortly before the competitors came on the field, blanketed and hooded, and moving with that slow and sluggish pace for which the racer is noted, Wagner had the appearance of a winner, though he was not in first rate order, while Sarah Bladen, on the blankets being taken off, evidently showed a want of condition

At the tap of the drum they are off; the excitement was immense; Sarah took the pole, and lead at a steady pace, Wagner behind, under a strong pull. This position was kept until the commencement of the last mile, when Wagner went up, passed the mare, and kept the lead, winning the heat by several lengths. Time, 8:45—1st mile, 2:12—2d, 2:08—3d, 2:12—4th, 2:13.

2d heat.—Wagner took the lead at the start, and won without a struggle, coming in in a canter in 9:11.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 9—*New Orleans Plate*, value $1000, ent. as before, 4 year olds and under to carry their appropriate weights, 5 year olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. m *Zelina*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' ch m. *Linnet*, own sister to Wren, 5 yrs	2	2
Wm. J Minor's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. *Marchesa*, by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jereed's dam,) by Comus, 3 yrs	3	3
Minor Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs	4	4

Time, 4:07—4:09. Track heavy.

Zelina was the favorite. The Tramp filly took the lead, followed by Richard of York; Zelina came up, passed Richard, and quickly laid herself alongside of the Tramp; thus they went away at a rattling pace, until near the last turn, when Linnet came up, closing a large gap, and entered the home stretch with the two fillies, Richard laying back. The race was now severely contested by the fillies, and the run home was interesting, Zelina winning by a length.

2d heat.—Linnet now had the call, and bets were freely offered and taken that she would win this heat. She took the lead, Zelina 2d, and Richard 3d, which position they kept until near the last quarter, when Zelina passed Linnet under a pull, and won the heat and race without being in the least put up.

MONDAY, Dec. 10—Proprietor's Purse $600, conditions as on Tuesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt William J. Minor's b. f. *Selie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Sumner's Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs	1	1	1
James S. Garrison's b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, out of Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs	2	2	2
Wm R & B. H Barrow's b. c. *Dick Haile*, by Sir Charles, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	3	dist.	

Time, 1:57—1:54—1:57

A very interesting and well contested race. The two first heats were won handily by the Pacific. For the 3d Kleber made a noble struggle—he took the lead, and kept it for the first half-mile, when the mare came up, and after a severe contest, passed him, and won the purse.

TUESDAY, Dec. 11—Proprietor's Purse $1000, conditions as on Tuesday, Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. R Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs	2	2
James S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs	dist.	

Time, 5:55—5:59.

This was decidedly the best contested race that we had this meeting, and attracted a large crowd. Maria was rather the favorite, though Pressure and Cippus found many backers. Both of them were evidently too high in flesh, and the result proved that they were in no condition for running.

Cippus took the lead, Maria 2d, Pressure 3d; this position was kept until the second mile, when Maria went up—passed Cippus, who had evidently had enough; Pressure, finding this the case, came into play—rushed up to Maria, and they came home at a terrible rate, Maria only winning the heat by a foot.

2d heat.—Maria was now more than ever the favorite, and 2 to 1 was freely offered. Maria took the lead, and was never headed, winning the heat and race in handsome style.

GRAND GULF (Miss.) FALL RACES,

Commenced over the *Waterloo Course* on the 7th of last month, and we regret the Secretary (who is senior editor of the "Advertiser" at that place) has not furnished a report. A turfman present addressed us a letter on the subject, from which, and other sources, we compile the report subjoined:—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7, 1838—Purse $200, for horses bred or owned in the Counties of Claiborne, Jefferson, Copiah, and Warren; free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86lbs.—4 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

L. F. Norris' ch. f. *Sarah Harrison*, by Frank, out of Eliza Wharton by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs	1	1
T. B. Magruder's b. c. *Blacklock*, by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 2:14—2:20.

THURSDAY, Nov 8—Purse $400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

John H. Walker's ch. f. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's c. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator, out of Ophelia (Grey Eagle's dam) by Wild Medley, 4 yrs	2	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 6 yrs	1	*
H. Johnson's gr. h. *John Anderson*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Florizel, 5 yrs	3	dist.
John H. Walker's *Woodsman*, pedigree omitted	4	dist.

Time not given. * Angora broke down.

Angora broke down badly in both fore legs in the 2d heat, after winning the 1st, and it is doubtful if she ever comes on the track again.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse $——, (the entrance of previous days), conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Selie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda (Country Maid's dam) by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. *Matilda Routh*, by Merchant, out of Mandelina (dam of Esprit, Musee, etc.,) by Cervantes, 3 yrs	2	dr	
H. Johnson's gr. h. *John Anderson*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	*		

Time, 1:55—1:57. * Stopped in 1st heat.

The "Advertiser" has the following paragraph on the meeting:—

"*Waterloo Course.*—The races over this beautiful course, closed on Saturday evening last. The track was well attended during the whole week by citizens and strangers, and notwithstanding the precipitancy with which all things were put in order, every thing went off to the satisfaction of all—except the unfortunate losers."

RACES OF 1837, NOT REPORTED.

Dear Sir,—I see that you ask for the returns of some races in our State. I will endeavor to give you an account of some of the races which came under my observation.

Peoria, Ill., Fall Meeting, 1837—Purse $100, for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

E. A. Darcy's b. f. *Risible*, by Barrister, out of Lame Nettletop	1	1
Col. Menard's b. f. by Bertrand	3	2
Mr. Gridley's b. c. *Weazel*, by Timoleon	2	3

Time, 1:55—1:56.

Same Course—Same Meeting—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

E. A. Darcy's ch. c. *Rights of Man*, by Leopold, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Caldwell's b. c. *Ruberey*, by Sir Humphrey, 4 yrs	2	2
Mr. Crocker's b. c. *Young Flagon*, by Flagon, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:10—6:30.

I have forgotten the particulars of the Two mile race.

Jerseyville, Ill., Nov. 10, 1838. Yours respectfully, D.

QUARTER RACE IN ALABAMA.

HAZEL GREEN COURSE, Dec. 1, 1838.

FRIEND P.—As I know you to be a knowin' chap as is fond of fun, I thort I would let you no what the folks is doing in this ere diggings. Wal, last week, Ben Holdfast cum in town, and he hadn't bin here long afore he began to talk about *rasing.* He swore he had a hoss, *Sucky Blue Skin*, as could beat any man's nag in four miles round for a cool Fifty. Wal, as Bill Waggonwheel sometimes runs a little race, he thort as how it was a banter for him, so he steps up, and says he, "Ben, you are a good-sorter-fellow: I hate to win your money, but just for fun, if Old Ned Closefinger will let me have his little *Union*, I can beat you next Saturday for your pile!" "Good," says Ben; "go and consult *Old Ned*, and let me no what you will do." So off Bill goes to Old Ned.

Now, Ben thort it was mity shure, and began to talk big, but he did not brag long before up came Bill, Ned, and all the family of the Closefingers. Coming down, Ben seed something in the wind, but never let on. So Ned rides up, and says he to Ben, "I believe you to be a —— rascal, you slab-sided, nigger-headed looking dog! What d'ye mean by calling me *Old ?*" Now, Mr. Editor, I will tell you a secret. Ned is not married, and calling him "*old*" sorter riz his dander. Ben's face got redder, if possible, but it is always as red as a herrin', or a red sorrel hoss. At last Ben kinder puts his hand in his buzzum, and as Derringers [a sort of Bowie knife] is all the fashion here, Ned follors his xample. It would have done you good to see what a long thing a man can tote in his briches! After a while, he drawed a long old-lookin' pistol and cockt it, and him and Bill, and the balance on 'em stationed theirselves in the road, and the way they abused Ben was a sin to the Cotton Traders. But Ben had no friends, and sorter truckled. Wal, up steps little George Guy: "Who has a dead fall here?" says he;—"cum, make it up, and I'll treat the crowd to what they can drink!" So after a while they made it up, and the way they made the corn-juice fly was a little singular. So you may as well no that they all got *tite*, but not before the pewter was planked up on the match.

Wal, while I was riting, I got hold on a number of your Sperrets of the Times, and seed where the Massippi folks was a-cutting mity shines. Now, I reckon the *Stun* family [Pete Whetstone and Obadiah Grindstone] has got so rampant they think nobody can rite but them; but I reckon when they see this they will sorter draw in their horns. But that are fellow Pete is not slow; I reckon he's a buster, and no mistake!

Saturday, the day of the big race, about ten o'clock, the people began to flock in by droves, and when they all got here, just such a set of men you never did see. Wal, about 2 o'clock they got in a good way, and the hosses was led out on the track; they were none of your tickey-tail'd sort, I can tell ye. Wal, me and several more went up to the oat stack, at the 300 yard post, where sum thort Union would be 20 feet a-head. After a while, was hollered, "clear the track!" "The riders is up!" I looked down the track, and saw little George Guy on the Union, and I know'd then it was a clear case, (but, in fact, I always liked the name).

"Here is a V.," says I, "on the Union."—"Done!" says one of Sucky's friends, a fellow that had a shirt *collar* as long as the *tail* of mine is, and he had a piece of his noes bit off. He looked rather wolfish, I can tell you. This was the first bet I made, and as I am called a good judge of a hoss, all the fellers began to draw their papers, and the way the shin plasters flowed was kautionary. Hurra for Old Nick, for stoppin' the silver, and lettin' the folks show big if they haint got much.

"Git away! Here they come, side and side, whippin' *and* spurrin'!" but, as I thort, little George was a huckleberry over the persimmon Sucky had on his hoss, and beat the race about twenty feet. Of all the hollering you ever *did* hear!—"Fork up that stuff, boys, and don't be afraid!" Ben soon put out with his Sucker, and was used up for one day.

I would write more, but have not room. Just you wait until after next Friday, when we have another race, and then, oh Lordy! won't I send you a sogdollager!

Lovinly yours, with your eye out, BARKELOO DEMPSEY.

PARIS (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Dear Sir,—Below you will find an authentic record of the races over the Paris *Highland Course*, which is sustained by a spirited Club, which was organized twelve months ago, and had quite an interesting meeting this Fall.

TUESDAY, Oct. 9, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $250, ent. $25, free for all ages, 3 year olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Geo. W. Cheatham's b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	1	1
H. Harris' s. f. *Martha Hicks*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	2	dr
J. E. Pitcher's s. f. *Sweet Home*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs	dr	

Time, 4:08.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse $150, ent. $15; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Geo. W. Cheatham's b. m. *Mary Davies*, by Stockholder, dam by Sir Arthur, 6 y.	1	2	1
J. E. Pitcher's s. f. *Sweet Home*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	1	2

Time, 1:58—1:55—2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 11—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $40; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

G. W. Cheatham's s. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs	1	1
Andrew McCampbell's b. c. by Pacific, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	3	2
J. S. & G. B. Long's b. f. *Mary Mott*, by Merlin, out of Pete Whetstone's dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 8:19—9:20.

The races were discontinued on Friday, to make an interval for a Whig Festival, complimentary to the Hon. JOHN BELL, which was numerously attended, and went off with great spirit and harmony.

SATURDAY, Oct. 13—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. S. & G. B. Long's b. f. *Mary Mott*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	1	1	1
H. Harris's s. f *Martha Hicks*, " " 3 yrs	1	2	2	2
G. W. Cheatham's bl. g. by Truxton, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs	2	dr		

Time, 1:56—2:05—2:02—2:05.

With the best wishes for the success of your paper and the cause which you advocate, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. JACKSON, *Sec'y Paris Highland Course.*

VAN BUREN (Arks.) MATCH RACES, Etc.

On the 1st instant we published a report of the regular Fall meeting at Van Buren, and "N." has since sent us the result of one of the matches reported below:—

Dear Sir,—I send you an account of a day's sport in Arkansas, which can hardly be surpassed at any place.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages, 90lbs. on each. Three subs. at $200 each. One mile.

John Loring's s. g. *Peacock*, by Alfred, 5 yrs	1
Nowland & Rector's s. f. *Cinderella*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs	2
John Stafford's ch. g. *Snip*, by Citizen, 4 yrs	3

Time, 2:04. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $2000 a-side, Two mile heats.

David Thompson's b. c. *Fent Noland*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne's dam, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1
John Dillard's b. f. *America*, by Waxy, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 97lbs	2	2

Time, 4:08—2d heat time not kept.

Col. T. tried to throw away the 2d heat, as bets were heavy that the filly would be distanced in the race. The filly was run to save her distance, but would not take the heat, and both came to a stand-still within the distance pole.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, $1000 a-side, catch weights, One mile.

E. W. B. Nowland's s. poney, a scrub	1
A. Olmstead's gr. g., a scrub	2

Time, 2:04. Won easily.

Upon the race for Two mile heats the betting was heavy, up to the hour of starting, the friends of both horses being sanguine of winning. Several thousands changed hands after the race.

A Sweepstakes of $1000 each subscription, P.P., will be run at Fort Gibson on the 15th Jan., in which *Fent Noland* (late John Belcher) takes a hand. His friends are very sanguine. A pretty considerable figure has been offered for him, and declined.

Very respectfully, yours, &c., J. A. S.

LITTLE ROCK (Arks.) FALL RACES.

A fortnight since we published the report of the first day's race, and now subjoin that of the remainder of the meeting from our ever welcome correspondent "N.," whose letters are as much quoted in Great Britain as in this country:—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14, 1838—Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s b. m. *Charline*, by Pacific, dam by Grey Tail Florizel, 5 yrs	1	1
Thos. B. Scruggs' b. h. *Little Barton*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	2	2
Lorenzo Gibson's bl. g. *Jim Crow*, by Childers, dam by Grey Tail Florizel, 4 yrs	0	dist.
Janet McCarty's bl. g. *Jerry*, by Jerry, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	0	dist.

Time, 4:15—4:16. Track rather heavy. Won easily.

Even betting on Charline vs. the field. Dr. Gibson's horse carried 7lbs. over his weight, and was barely distanced.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s b. f. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Whip Tiger (out of a Buzzard), 3 yrs	1	1
Thos. B. Scruggs' s. f. *Hebe*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand (out of a Hamiltonian), 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 7:04—6:50. Track very heavy.

The sorrel mare had the call at odds ranging from 2 to 1½ to 1. There was much betting. Eliza Ross's two mile race at Fort Smith gave her friends hope, but the wreath that a four mile heat in 8:07 had placed on the brow of the fair Hebe, so dazzled the eyes of her many friends, that the bashful Eliza seemed to them hardly worthy the honor of contending with their beautiful favorite. At the tap of the drum they got off—Eliza led easily, and in spite of all the "Roman" could do, for two miles, when she unexpectedly fell back, and the daughter of Collier drew out some fifty yards ahead. The shout sent up by the multitude was deafening. Dollars to cents that the bay was distanced—but mark the sequel. The Roman on Eliza had pulled her too hard, and accustomed to run only two miles, she had tried to stop. It was not through fatigue. Once did the Roman touch her glossy side with a spur—the gap is shortened—he is near her—they have only 800 yards to run—not a shout escapes the multitude—they are making the turn neck and neck—now they swing into the front stretch—as I live the Marmion is in front; and wins by several lengths, after a most interesting snd exciting heat.

The friends of Hebe still relied on her bottom—they did not know how she lost the heat, for it had come on them like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. Bets were now laid out even. Both cooled off well, though Hebe seemed rather *dry* after she had sweated.

Again they are off, the bay filly leading hard in hand—was never headed, and when she came to the last turn, and the Roman was told to "carry her home," she seemed "like a bird seeking its mother's nest," and came out several lengths ahead.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Purse $225, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. L. Alexander's br. m. *Betsey Watson*, by Jefferson, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 5 yrs	1	1	1
David Thompson's s. f. *Proof-sheet*, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs	2	2	dr

Time, 2:07—2:11.

Betsey Watson was sold to THOS. T. TUNSTALL & C. F. M. NOLAND before the race, for $1500.

Truly yours, N.

ONE DAY LATER.

My Dear P.—The races are over. The "Assembly Cup" was carried off by Mr. ALEXANDER'S *Eudora*, after the most interesting race I ever witnessed. Three nags started—the winner, *Eliza Ross*, and *Little Barton*. The ground was frozen hard, and the track in some places rough.

In the first heat Eudora took the lead, and won easily under a hard pull in 2:00. Neither of the three seemed distressed, though they had all sprung their plates. Bets were now freely offered at 4 to 1 on Eudora—few takers. For the 2d heat Eudora got off badly—she soon made play—collared Eliza, and the most beautiful brush for about 800 yards ensued that I ever beheld, when she passed her, and came home several lengths ahead, in the almost incredible time of 1:52—Barton distanced. I felt for the fillies, particularly Eliza, whose feet were terribly torn. In the 3d heat Eudora had it all her own way, and won handily in 1:57. As to Eliza Ross, she is as game a nag as ever rider mounted, and in 3 or 4 mile heats is an ugly customer; but for one mile, or such a matter, give me Eudora against the world.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17—Silver Cup, value $100, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. L. Alexander's b. f. *Eudora*, by Jefferson (own brother to Betsey Ransom), dam by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs 91lbs	1	1	1
T. T. Tunstall & Co's b. f. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Tiger Whip, 3 yrs. 77lbs	2	2	2
Thos. B. Scruggs' b. h *Little Barton*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs. 106lbs	3	dist.	

Time, 2:00—1:51—1:57. Track 92 feet over a mile, and frozen hard.

Eudora is a most splendid looking animal, of fine size and substance. To judge from her appearance, and that of Betsey Watson and some 2 yr. old colts Mr. Alexander has, Jefferson must breed finely.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $200 a-side, 80lbs. on each, One mile.

T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s ch. h. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs	1
Mr. McKenzie's *One eyed-bay-gelding*	2

Time not given. No contest.

Since writing the above, Mr. ALEXANDER has sold to Messrs. HUGH BLEVINS & SAMUEL GRAY, of Hempstead County—

B. f. *Eudora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.
B. c. by Jefferson, out of Old Git, 3 yrs.
B. c. by Jefferson, dam by Champion, 2 yrs.
B. c. by Jefferson, dam by Bagdad, 2 yrs.

The whole for $4000 cash, making $5500 cash up for five brought on by him. Is not this encouraging to breeders?

Betsey Watson will be entered in the big Sweepstakes to come off in January next at Fort Gibson. Had Eudora have gone into it, I should have had faith in her; but as it is, I believe *Fent Noland* will win it. I should like to see a nag banter Col. THOMPSON, four mile heats, for $5000. The way the Van Buren boys would snap up such a banter would be a sin to Crockett.

Truly yours, N.

RALEIGH (N. C.), Dec. 8, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times—SIR,—I have seen from a notice in your paper of the 1st Dec., that no report has been furnished you of the races over the Newbern (N. C.) Course last Spring, commencing on the 19th April, nor of the Warrenton (N. C.) Races, commencing the 23d May. As I feel an interest in the publication of these races, and as the Secretary has failed to forward you an account of them, I now take the liberty to do so:—

NEWBERN (N. C.) SPRING RACES.

THURSDAY, April 19, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yrs. carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs	2	1	1
Joshua K. Bullock's gr. f. *American Maid*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	2	2
James J. Harrison's *Black Cat*, by Imp Luzborough, 3 yrs	dist.		

Time, 3:50—3:52—3:58.

FRIDAY, April 20—Purse $210, conditions as before, Mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. c. *Glenvallick*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	1	1
Gen. Henry G. Cutler's s. g. by Timoleon, 6 yrs	2	2
James J. Harrison's s. f. *Eliza Garrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Emperor, 4 yrs	dist.	
Col. Bryant's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Young Scroggins, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:49—1:52.

SATURDAY, April 21—Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

David McDaniel's b. c. *Glenvallick*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	1
James J. Harrison's s. f. *Eliza Garrison*, " " 4 yrs	1	dist.

Time, 1:50—1:48.

WARRENTON (N. C.) SPRING RACES.

WEDNESDAY, May 23, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $200 each.

J. K. Bullock's f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bullock's Mucklejohn	rec'd ft.

THURSDAY, May 24—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. c. *Glenvallick*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	2	1	1
James J. Harrison's s. f. *Eliza Garrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Emperor, 4 yrs	1	2	2
Dr. Lewis' br. c. *Drumgoole*, by Imp. Luzborough, 4 yrs	3	3	3

Time, 3:58—4:02—4:04.

Very respectfully yours, D. M. D.

A QUESTION FOR TURFMEN.

SCOTT COUNTY (Ky.), Dec. 3d, 1838.

MR. EDITOR,—"*Is a bet, naming two horses against the field,* VOID, *if one of the horses named fails to start?*"

This question was referred to the Association at Lexington during the last October meeting, and after much discussion, it was decided by a majority of one, that the bet was *not* void. The question was entertained by the Club on the evening preceding the great stake won by *Curculia*, a decision being necessary, by reason of many bets pending, in which the question was involved. When the decision was made, some gentlemen, warmed by the debate, proposed to bet six dozen of wine that the decision was wrong; the bet was taken, and it was agreed that the question should be referred to yourself.

You have said, Sir, that "*the bet is void*," but promise to revert to the question again, and intimate that your opinion is not finally given; the question, then, being open, as I am a party to the bet, and interested in establishing a different construction, I offer for your consideration the following argument.

There being no case in point, nor any provision in the American, or English code, which is more elaborate, it must be your aim to decide in conformity with those principles which have been established for the regulation of betting.

I hold that bets should be construed to stand in all possible cases;—that unless by its express terms a bet becomes void, it should not be made so, unless a party *have no chance to win*. One horse is bet against a field; the horse named does not start—the bet is void. Why? Because the party has no chance to win. But two horses are named against the field, and one of them does not start, the bet should not be void; and why? Because the party has still a chance to win. A bets the field against one or more named horses, the field composed of many; but one of the field starts, A is held to his bet, and why? Because he has a chance to win. But not one of the horses composing the field starts, A is not held to the bet, and why? Because he has no chance to win. When *more* than *one* horse is named against the field, the principle is the same, whether it be two or twenty. Suppose there be a sweepstakes, in which there are twenty-one entries: A names ten of the entries against the field, the field being eleven. When the stake is run, nine of the horses named by A start, and but one of the eleven making the field for B starts. A, having the advantage, claims that the bet shall stand. Shall B avoid the bet, on the ground that only nine of A's horses started; This would seem absurd, yet, surely, if A could avoid the bet because nine only of his ten named horses start, B can also avoid it, for the reason, that he could not compel A to stand the bet. And yet one horse starting for B makes his field, and the bet must stand if A's ten all start. So that from this construction, although B's chance be worse, provided ten horses start for A, than if but nine start, yet in the first case he must stand the bet, in the other he may avoid it.

It is considered that, because a party betting upon one or more horses against the field, *names* them, the fact of the horses being *named* places him on different ground from the party betting upon the field; for the horses composing the field are *not* named. This is more specious than sound, for whether the bet be made upon a sweepstake, or upon a race to be run for a purse, the horses making the field may be as well known and as much counted upon, though not named, as those taken and named against the field. It is also contended that when a party *names* horses against a field, that by so naming he stipulates the case in which the bet shall stand; that is to say, there is an *implied* understanding that the horses named shall *all* start. There are no reciprocal implications for the party betting upon the field; therefore, in even justice, there cannot be such for either. It is known by all that when one horse is named against the field, and that horse does not start, that the bet is void, and, without reflection, it is supposed to be, because the horse is *named*, and therefore it is supposed alike necessary, where more than one horse is named, that *all* so named shall start. But I contend, Sir, that the reason for avoiding the bet is not because the party betting upon one horse *names*, but because when that horse fails to start, the party *has no chance to win*. The construction, that when the horses named do not all start, "the bet is void," gives undue advantages to one party, and therefore cannot be correct. Suppose there be a sweepstakes to be run, in which there are twenty-one entries. Some weeks before it is to be run, when, of course, it is doubtful what will start, A bets B, and names ten horses against the field. What is the meaning of this bet? It is, that some *one* of the ten named by A shall win, for *all* cannot win. It is, that the best of the ten named by A shall prove better in the race than the best of the eleven which made the field for B, but are not named. Now, Sir, at the time the bet was made, it was known to both to be doubtful what would start. A has his chance to win if a part only of his horses named shall start;—is it not unjust under such a state of case, to allow A to avoid his bet because nine only of his horses start, when B is held to the bet provided one only of the eleven start? Yet, Sir, such consequences follow from the construction, that where two horses are named against the field, and one fails to start, the bet is void. If in a sweepstakes, in which the colts may be named two years before the race, A bets B, and names two more against the field, it would be unreasonable to interfere, and strip either party of an advantage which he may be found at the time of starting to have obtained, either by greater sagacity or good fortune, provided a chance be left to both. Where there are many entries in such cases, it generally happens that many fail to start. I repeat, Sir, that it is a maxim, that bets should be construed to *stand* in all possible cases;—they should not be arbitrarily nullified. Because the chance of a party is made worse is no reason for avoiding the bet. The only question is—*has he a chance to win?*

J. K. D.

REPLY TO "CAPTAIN" ON THE IMPORTED STOCK.

Mr. PORTER,—Though I usually admire all your letters from Arkansas, yet that of the "Captain," from Fort Gibson, would seem to require some notice from those owning Imported stock. I do not mean to impeach the literal correctness of his statement, "that few of them have won more than two or three races, while many of them have been repeatedly beaten." Now, Sir, they are mostly young nags, and in the South, where they run only in the winter, of course they have run but one season on the Turf, and therefore have had little chance of doing more than the "Captain" allows them to have done.

Col. SINGLETON'S *Pomona*, some years on the South Carolina Turf, (as I recollect,) lost no race, and her time was as good or better than any horse of her year. Capt. STOCKTON'S *Langford* has, it is true, lost some races, but he has won some good stakes, and at all distances has shown himself a race horse. Col. HAMPTON'S *Monarch* has lost no race, winning at three and four miles, and is admitted on all hands to be No. 1. *Emily*, in the same stable, won and lost last year;—this season she wins all her engagements. Dr. GOODWYN'S (MERRITT'S) Imported filly *The Queen*, sister to Monarch, has won all her stakes at Richmond, Va., and another at Camden, S. C. Col. CROWELL has two winners in his stable (*Florida Hepburn* and *Susan Dodge*) at the South. DAVIES' *Likeness* beat a field of six at Warrenton, N.C., winning easy, and leading from end to end. TAYLOE and JOHNSON have been winning with their Imported filly *Maria Black*, in Alabama; others not now recollected have also been winners.

The truth is, that the success of the Imported horses has been so general and regular, that a scheme is now in embryo to send over to England in the Spring and import a cargo of 2 and 3 year olds, and if they come, you shall be called on to record their doings; and it would not surprise me if our friend in Arkansas should by Spring become a partner in the venture, when he learns that one whom he has known as long conversant in these matters is to go over to make the selection.

There is little chance of getting up the matches between this country and England, as suggested by your correspondent. When matches are made between horses now in this country, it is often no race at all, and if run, *no match*; of all yet made, but two have answered public expectation—that of *Henry* and *Eclipse*, and *Bascombe* and *Post Boy*. The rest have been failures, from want of condition, and that great variety of accidents that may befall the race horse. Now, these chances are increased greatly by a voyage, to say nothing of the effect from change of climate, water, &c.

It would require that horses intended to run in England should be there long enough to recover from the effects of the voyage, and become perfectly acclimatised. This would require at least twelve months; thus, if shipped one Spring, they could not be relied on until the next. This would involve great expense, and those owning the horses must loose the use of them three seasons, and perhaps four. This is no small consideration with owners of such as should be sent over.

You must have your grooms in England during all this time, subjected to such temptations as it would scarcely be prudent to expose them to; or if their vigilance should ever sleep, the horses would *surely have the benefit of* FOREIGN PRACTICE. I have thought on this at *Aintree* and *Epsom*, and have concluded it will not do: let them come here, (they are rich, and can afford to do so,) and we will run with them; but, Sir, rely on it, if their horses do not suffer by the voyage we may find glory, but not profit, in the trial. I know they have many fast and game horses, and when this season in the South is over, others will be of the same opinion as A.

ORIGIN OF BOTTS IN HORSES, AND THEIR CURE.

FORT HUDSON, (La.) Nov. 23, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times—SIR,—I have observed lately much speculation, as to the origin of the bott or grub. I have read this evening Mr. MITCHELL'S account of his experiment in the cure, and after the animal died, his experiment in killing the worm, after taking it from the stomach of the dead horse.

As it should be our object to do all the good we can to mankind, I feel it my duty to give the world what I think a certain remedy for the bott or grub, without commenting how they find their way into the horse's stomach, or how they are first formed—it is enough that such a thing does exist as botts in horses, and that it is important how to get rid of them, when we ascertain our horse is affected by them.

To make the bott or grub let go his hold, give the horse a quart of molasses or dissolved sugar, with a quart of sweet milk—in thirty minutes you will find the horse at ease; then pulverize one-eighth of a pound of alum—dissolve it in a quart of warm water, and drench your horse—after which, in two hours or less, give the horse one pound of salts, and you will find the botts in his dung. I have never failed. I think this is, after all the speculations and cures I have seen, the only thing that will to a certainty remove the botts.

The molasses and sweet milk causes the bott to let go and prey upon the sweetning—the alum contracts him, and the salts passes him off.

Respectfully yours, JNO. C. WALKER.

ANECDOTES OF THE SPANIEL "NIMROD."

ATTACHED TO THE U. S. REVENUE BARGE OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIR,—I think the enclosed worthy a place in your paper. There can be no doubt of the facts there set forth. Whatever may be said of the "dogs in office" under the present administration, all parties must admit that there is at least one "custom-house official fed from the public trough," whose private character is above reproach. One passage in the life of this worthy public officer is omitted in the enclosed account. As it seems to me to give a clearer insight into his character than is shown by the other statements, I subjoin it.

Nimrod, while he acted the good Samaritan in picking up by the way-side a poor half-starved and lame cur, in bringing him home to comfortable lodgings, nursing him like a mother, and filling his skin with the fat of the land, exhibited in his subsequent conduct not only a strict sense of justice, but a sagacity that protected him from being made the "wictim o' gammon" by any dog living. After having satisfied every claim of charity and benevolence, by feeding and nursing his charge, until his lameness was cured, and he was restored to the blessings of a sound constitution, he gave him to understand, that although he had consented to make his house a hospital for a wounded brother, yet he had no idea of setting up a dog boarding-house, especially upon the terms of giving food and lodging gratis, as he probably considered this a touch even beyond the famous "Canal street plan." In other words, when the cur recovered, Nimrod turned him out of doors, refused to be even on barking terms with him, gave him the cut direct, and did not deign to bestow on him the common salutation of a passing bow-wow.

He cared not to have the obligation repaid. He had fulfilled every claim that hospitality or fellow-feeling could make. He asked not only no return for the kindness, but not even a recognition of the act. Charity had done her work, duty stept in, and the able-bodied mongrel was very properly set adrift in the world to take care of himself, and get an honest dog's living.

Let me only ask,—is not Nimrod a dog of character? His other acts of kindness prove his heart-whole generosity. His treatment of the poor wounded loafer cur, while it proves him to be a brute of benevolence, also shows a proper self-respect, a dog-of-the-world knowledge of his fellow-beasts, and a just distinction between the claims of suffering dog-nature and those of over-fed, fat, pampered, importunate laziness. A lesson from which all indiscriminate almoners may profit, when they dispense their charities.

I will only add, that Nimrod has been in office under three administrations. Let the politicians say what they may, I consider this fact not only highly creditable to Nimrod himself, but—as the dinner-party orators say—"honorable alike to the head and the heart" of the three administrations aforesaid. †‡†

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.—There is now living a *dog*, of the spaniel caste, at the Revenue Barge Office, *Nimrod* by name, aged about 17 years, who merits a notice in your valuable periodical.

In his early life, upon a certain 4th of July, some mischievous boys tied *crackers* to his tail, the effect of which, ever since, has been to induce him to seek a dark shelter whenever he hears an explosion of gunpowder.

His owner, Boarding Officer of this Port at the time to which I allude, was aroused from his slumbers one bleak, gusty midnight, by a ringing at the door. He looked from his chamber window, and (owing to Nim's color) not recognizing *anybody*, endured much astonishment; but, upon a second pull, he was induced to go down, when lo! it was *Nim*, who had pulled the bell-wire.

Upon another occasion, when but little tutored in art, he met an old, withered brother of his species in distress—took him home to the Barge-office—nourished him,—not by provender supplied by his master alone, but by going round among the neighbors, and thus obtaining a means of supplying his guest and himself. So soon as his old companion recovered health, *Nim* discharged him.

In the course of his nightly excursions, he observed a bitch overboard at Old Slip; he leapt into the river and dragged her by the ear to the stairs of the Revenue-office at Whitehall, where he aroused the attention of the officers on duty, and was admitted with his charge, who, during the year she survived, treated him with a grateful tenderness that might be a lesson to humanity. The gist of my story follows.

A hen having a large brood of chickens was lost; it was supposed that she had been destroyed by the rats that infested the neighborhood, and as anomalous as it may appear, old Nimrod assumed her place, and protected her brood until they were grown! Many will testify to the truth of this curious circumstance.

I never witnessed more anxious tenderness, either in the human or brute creation, than was exhibited by this dog. I have seen him examine every curl of his shaggy coat as he lay coiled in a circle, fostering the chickens, as if to detect the possibility of injury to any one of them. KNICKERBOCKER.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on the second Tuesday, 12th March, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $300, Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close by 20th Feb. next. Now 3 subs.

Same day—A *Champagne Stake* for 3 year olds, sub. $150, ft. $50, Mile heats; the Club to use the Champagne. Now 5 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Entrance 5 per cent on each purse, free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the Proprietor at Mobile, *post paid*.

Good stables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor.

F. K. WEST, *Secretary.*
J. A. STEWART, *Corresponding Sec'y.*
[d15-t20f.] D. STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*

Sweepstakes, Newberry Court House, S. C.

THE following Sweepstakes and Produce Stakes are now open to be run over the Newberry Jockey Club Course, as follows:—

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, to come off Fall meeting of 1839, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st Oct. 1839. Now 2 subs., viz:

Myers & Henderson, | P. E. Duncan.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to come off Fall meeting of 1840, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close Fall meeting of 1839. Now 8 subs., viz:

Maj. J. D. Williams, | P. E. Duncan, | Thos. B. Osbern,
M. R. Smith, | Maj. Wm. Eddins, | John Gist.
Myers & Henderson, | Hagel Smith,

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, to come off Fall meeting of 1839, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs., viz:

Maj. Wm. Eddins, | P. E. Duncan,
M. R. Smith, | John Gist.

4. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall meeting of 1841, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st Feb. 1839. Now 5 subs. viz:

Myers & Henderson name produce of a Pacolet mare and Imp. Rowton.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Imp. Hedgeford.
Maj. Wm. Eddins names produce of Catherine (by Old Court) and Hualpa.
P. E. Duncan names produce of Betsey Barrow (by Harwood) and Young Virginian.
Henderson & Fair name produce of Henrietta (by Henry) and Imp. Rowton.

5. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall meeting of 1841, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close Fall meeting of 1840. Now 3 subs. and several others promised.

P. E. Duncan, | John Gist, | M. R. Smith.

6. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off Fall meeting of 1841, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close by 1st Jan. next. Now 7 subs.

P. E. Duncan names produce of Madelor (by Young Virginian) and Imp. Tranby.
Thos. H. Henderson names produce of Henrietta (by Henry) and Imp. Emancipation.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Imp. Emancipation.
Thos. H. Henderson names produce of a Bertrand mare and Young Virginian.
Hagel Smith names produce of Leannah and Imp. Emancipation.
Irby & Fair name produce of a Bertrand mare and Imp. Emancipation.
Maj. Wm. Eddins names produce of Claudia (by Phenomenon) and Hualpa.

[d8-3t] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES—OAKLAND COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Kentucky.

SPRING MEETING, 1839.

1st Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 7 subs, viz:

Y. N. Oliver | M. W. Dickey | D. Stockton | W. W. Bacon.
W. T. Ward | Jas. K. Duke | Wm. Buford |

2. A Poststake for 3 year olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st Jan. next.

FALL MEEEING, 1839.

1. Poststake for 3 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250, Two mile heats; to close 1st Jan. next; 4 or more to make a race. The Proprietor adds a Plate to this stake, value $250. Now 3 subs., viz:

J. G. Boswell | Wm. S. Buford | M. W. Dickey.

2. Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $2000, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs., viz:

Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey name *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, now 3 yrs.
W. T. Ward names *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, now 4 yrs.
W. Viley names *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, now 3 yrs.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, to carry 70lbs. each, sub. $50, h. ft.; Mile heats; to name and close 25th Dec. next; now 2 subs. viz:

Thomas H. Phillips | Frederick Herr.

SPRING MEETING, 1840.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, ft. $250, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 4 subs. viz:

D. Stockton | Y. N. Oliver | M. W. Dickey | A. C. Antill.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

H. W. Farris | W. S. Buford | Y. N. Oliver.

FALL MEETING, 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver | Chas. Buford | H. W. Farris.

SPRING MEETING, 1842.

Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 14 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver names produce of ——
L. P. Blackburn names produce of Anna Monroe and Eclipse.
W. T. Ward names produce of Bertress and Waxy.
George E. Blackburn names produce of Lucretia and Eclipse.
Also, " " " Martha Halloway and Eclipse.
D. Stockton names produce of Polly Hopkins and Birmingham.
Thos. G. Moore names produce of a St. Tammany mare and Imp. Glencoe.
M. W. Dickey names produce of Caroline Scott and Imp. Luzborough.
S. Davenport names produce of Betsey Harrison and Imp. Hedgeford.
Wm. S. Buford names produce of Scarlet's dam and Medoc.
H. W. Farris names produce of Frances Ann and Imp. Hedgeford.
J. G. Boswell names produce of Agnes Goode and Frank.
Geo. N. Sanders names produce of Tolivia and Imp. Tranby.
Wm. Buford, Sen., names produce of Peggy Stewart and Medoc.

Gentlemen wishing to make nominations in any of the above Stakes will please address J. G. Graham, Esq., Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3, 1838.—[n17] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

MONTGOMERY (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE Annual Races over the Bertrand Course, will commence on the 22d January, 1839, when the following purses will be run for:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$300	Free for all.
Second day—Two mile heats	500	
Third day—Three mile heats	700	
Fourth day—Four mile heats	1000	
Fifth day—Mile heats best 3 in 5	300	

The Purses will be hung up at the Stand on each day.

[n24-9t] TAYLOR & BROWN, *Proprietors.*

WASHINGTON HOTEL—BROADWAY.

THE Subscriber, late of the National Hotel, having taken the above well-known establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his capacious and airy mansion has been completely renovated and painted throughout, and is now in complete order to accommodate the public. Strangers will find the Washington a central and desirable situation. The private parlors communicate with the dormitories, forming suites of rooms, where families can be delightfully situated and retired. The bill of fare daily will be found satisfactory to the most fastidious epicure, embracing every delicacy of the season. Gentlemen will find an ordinary served regularly at half-past three o'clock, with the best of attendance, for the Proprietor, having under his direction first rate French Cooks, and a cellar stored with the choicest Wines, pledges himself to promote to the best of his abilities, the comforts of all who honor his Hotel. [d15-3m] HORATIO N. CARR.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, 18th Feb. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats. Closed with the following subscribers:

Col. W. Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
Col. Fitzsimons names imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
Col. J. S. Preston names imp. ch. c. by Defence, out of Tears by Woeful.
Col. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery by Sir Archy.
Also, " br. f. by Sultan, out of Rachel.
Powell McRa Jr. names br. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of the dam of Grizzle.
Col. James H. Adams names imp. ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Peri.
Mr. Pierce names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Betsey Hare.

Second day, Wednesday—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. [No horse allowed to start this day that is not under 5 yrs.]

Fifth day—Handicap Race, Three mile heats. Amount of Purse regulated by receipts at the gates.

A purse, as usual, will be given by the Citizens. The day on which it will be contended for, will be announced as soon as determined by the Stewards.

On each day the Club will also give a purse for a second race.

By-Rule 1. The first Annual Meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday evening, Feb. 16th, at Stewart's Carolina Hotel, Broad-st., at 7 o'clock. Members and other persons desirous of obtaining information upon any particular subject connected with the Rules of the Club, the entrance of the horses, &c., are requested to take notice and attend.

☞ The Editor of the Turf Register, at Baltimore, is requested to publish the above in the Jan. and Feb. Nos. [d15-6t]

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 25th March.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

Second day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day a purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $300, two mile heats.

Third day a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $500, three mile heats.

Same day a purse of $100, mile heats.

Fourth day a purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winer to receive $1000, four mile heats. Same day a purse of $100, mile heats,

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when those rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best.

As the New York and Philadelphia Rail Road, which will pass by the Eagle Course, will be completed before the ensuing Spring, the course will hereafter be opened in a manner far superior to what it has formerly been. The time of the meeting will not again be altered under any consideration. O. BAILEY, *Sec'y.*

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n10]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

Sweepstakes, Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $200. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs.

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500, h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, consisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Romp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

Cora, ch. m., 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.

Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838.—[A4-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

HAMPTON COURSE RACES.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the above course at Augusta, Ca., will commence on the second Tuesday, 8th January, 1839.

The splendid Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., declaration $100. Two mile heats.

J. E. Calhoun names b. f. *Nullification*, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
John G. Winter names b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
Also, " b. f. *Miss Armstrong*.
John Morrison names ——, by Henry, out of Highland Mary.
Also, " ——, by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
Col. Wade Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada.
Col. Paul Fitzsimons names ch. f. *Ada Byron*, by Priam, out of Delphine.
Michael Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Medway.

There are several other Stakes to be run for during the week; the stakes to come off the day or days to suit the convenience of the parties.

Jockey Club Purses.

First day—Mile heats, for 2 and 3 year old colts, a pair of superb Silver Pitchers, (ent. $25, 3 or more to make a race,) valued at	$250
Second day—Two mile heats	300
Third day—Three mile heats	500
Fourth day—Four mile heats	1500
Fifth day Mile heats best 3 in 5	400

☞ I have every thing in readiness for the accommodation of my customers.

[n10] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor.*

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North-East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country, unlimited business was guarantied; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw a-side all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little, petty slanders, relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season; each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb. next, to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms: $100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

RARE AND VALUABLE DOGS FOR SALE.

R. HANNINGTON, 552 Broadway, purposing to leave the city, offers for sale his full blooded dog, the Mount St. Bernard Mastiff, *L'Amie*, and four of his male get. Likewise the well known Newfoundland dog, Oscar, warranted the largest and finest bred in the country. [d8-2t]

FOR SALE,

A POINTER DOG, well bred, and broken by one of the best breakers in this country. He is now 3 years old. Enquire at this office. [d15]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE,

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

jd1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

HORSE AND CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.—The Subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened an extensive Emporium for the Sale of Horses, at 72 Prince street, opposite Niblo's Garden, every Friday, at 11 o'clock, [horses, &c., must be entered the night previous, to ensure a number on the catalogue,] and they hope to merit the confidence of the public, as nothing shall be wanting on their part to give general satisfaction. Mr. Cox has been favorably known for many years as one of the most extensive dealers in New York. Horses taken at Livery and to Hire at all times to their friends.

D. T. COX.
[n24-3m] J. P. BUTLER.

MARIANNA (Flo.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FIRST MEETING of this Club under its new organization, will take place on the 1st Wednesday, 6th Feb., 1839, and continue four days.

First day—Two mile heats, Citizens' Purse	$300
Second day—Two mile heats, Jockey Club Purse	250
Third day—Three mile heats, " " "	600
Fourth day—Mile heats best 3 in 5 " "	250

The entrance money of each day will be 10 per cent on the amount of the purse to be run for.

☞ Newmarket Rules to govern.

Marianna, Nov. 26, 1838.—[d15] A. H. BUSH, *Secretary.*

TALLAHASSEE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Annual Races of the Tallahassee Jockey Club will commence over the Marion Course on the second Wednesday in Jan. next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $20, h. ft., Two mile heats. Closed with seven subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Florida, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 3 subs.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Free for all, agreeably to the Rules of the Tallahassee Jockey Club. Ent. 10 per cent.

[n10] THOMAS BROWN, *Treasurer & Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—HAMPTON COURSE.

AS it is, and has been usual of late years, with the proprietors of the different race tracks of our country, to advertise their stakes, and in my opinion to close at too early a period to give the owners of colts a fair opportunity of testing their racing qualities, I therefore communicate to the sporting world my present plan, rules, and terms.

There will be kept open Stakes for 2 and 3 year olds, to be run for every successive year, and not to be closed until one month previous to the race; declaration, 15 days before the coming off of the race.

Stakes of $1000 each subscription, ft. $500, dec. $100, will be Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Stakes of $500 each subscription, h. ft., dec. $75, will be Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Dashes of Two or One mile, to suit the convenience of parties; that is, the amount to be run for.

Persons wishing to make their entries, will please direct their letters to the subscriber, acting proprietor of the Hampton Course, or to Capt. WM. G. NIMMO, Secretary of the Hampton Jockey Club, Augusta, Ga. [n10] F. W. LACY.

BROOD MARES.

FOR SALE, several thorough-bred mares, of approved blood, that have passed the last season with *Mingo*. These mares were bred by the subscriber, are healthy, of good size and form, and have proved themselves to be good breeders. Letters of application for additional information, post paid, will receive early attention from the Editor of this paper, and from C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1838.

☞ The mares are in Chester County, not far distant from Philadelphia, and will be shown to persons desirous of examining them. Some of them have foals at their heels.

[o6-tf.] C. I.

TO SPORTSMEN.

CHAS. WILSON, 51 CANAL STREET, would respectfully call the attention of Sportsmen, and the public generally, to his assortment of Satin-Beaver, Moleskin, and Fur Hats, viz: superior Moleskin, $3,50 (generally charged $4); very good Satin-Beaver, $2,50; fine Short-napped Nutria, $4; first quality plain do., $4; Youths' and Boys' Hats proportionably cheap. Also a general assortment of Caps, both travelling and dress. [n3-tf.]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following full blooded, improved Short-horned [Durham] Cattle:

Superior, red cow, calved Aug. 8, 1832, by Gambier [2046], out of Splendour by Anson [1639], grandam Sophia by Cupid [938], &c. For more extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, pp. 634 and 646. Bred by Whitaker, and imported by the subscriber.

Nevis, red bull calf, calved 28th Aug., 1838, out of Superior by Boaz—see B.'s pedigree below.

Fanny, roan heifer, calved 31st May, 1835 [now in calf by Boaz], by Ambo [1636], out of Daisy by Fairfax [1023], grandam Lucy by Warlaby [672]. For extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, p. 339. Imported by the subscriber.

Boaz, roan bull, calved 15th April, 1835, by Magnet, out of Young Princess by Albion, grandam Old Princess. Bred by Chas. H. Hall. For extended pedigree see certificates of Robert Stalen, Steward to the Earl of Derby, and the Breeder.

All these cattle are large and of the most approved form

[O13-tf.] JAMES A. HAMILTON, Nevis, Dobbs Ferry P. O., New York.

NEW ORLEANS WEEKLY PICAYUNE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to this highly popular Southern journal received at this office. Devoted to every thing in general, and full accounts of theatricals, racing, and all the sports going on in the Emporium of the South, in particular. The proprietors feel a confidence in recommending the Picayune to their Northern friends.

Terms—Five Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. For further particulars enquire at the office of the Spirit of the Times. [o2]

REPEATING FIRE ARMS--COLT'S PATENT.

No. 155 Broadway, New York.

THIS Company, the sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, have reduced the prices of Arms about Thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this Company. The Company are determined to reduce the prices of their admirable Arms so low, while at the same time they are determined to prosecute any infringement, as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from Practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other Arms for Sporting, Attack, and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these Rifles or Pistols (the weight and size of which does not exceed the ordinary Pistol or Rifle) the bearer is able to fire in rapid succession, from ten to sixteen charges, while at the same time he may suspend the firing at the end of each discharge, and all the charges can be reloaded in less time than the ordinary single charge arms.

The Perfection to which the Company have brought their works, enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and as they believe, equal to any thing brought from Europe. And they offer their arms at prices less than they can be furnished elsewhere, wholly independent of any patent right protection.

Their Repeating Rifles will now be sold at from $50 to $60, and equipments $15, averaging from $65 to $75 complete, and their Repeating Pistols from $20 to $35, depending upon the size and quality, all of perfect workmanship and material.

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition Flasks, and all other equipments required by Sportsmen, Travellers and others using their arms.—Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a Gun, Rifle, or Pistol.

They hope, in the course of a few months to present to the public Repeating Shot Guns, the model of which has been prepared and tested.

They would call the attention of the Agents of Foreign Governments to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and Soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A Detachment of Eighty men is an equal force to Eight Hundred with the ordinary Rifles or Musket. The Rifles and large Pistols are especially desirable *in arming the Police or Guards, or Watch of Cities and Fortifications, and on Ship board and Plantations.*

Orders for large quantities can be executed within ninety days from the time they are given.

The Company are always ready to apply any test which may be required to ascertain the celerity, safety, accuracy, and distance of effective fire of their Arms.

N.B.—All Articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention if directed to the Subscriber,

[S8-tf.] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N.Y.

S. J. SYLVESTER,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 26*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

WARREN'S HORSE POWER.

A NEW invention, which has been thoroughly proved during the past year, and can be sold for half the price of any other invention now before the public. Price $40, to be used by one horse, and $50 for two horses. This horse power is suitable for all kinds of uses: for mills, circular saws, turning lathes, and especially threshing machines and cotton gins. Also for sale, Warren's Iron Threshing Machine, which is highly approved of. One man and a boy can tend it. Price, one horse power $20, and two horse power $25—bands found for $2 50—levers for one horse power, $2 50. Orders from any part of the United States or Canada and Texas, post paid, will be promptly attended to, by

[S15] E. WARREN, 126 Nassau st. New York.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Granvieur and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, La.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Jan.
AUGUSTA, Ga.	Hampton Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Jan.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Washington Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, Monday, 18th Feb.
CLAIBORNE, Ala.	Annual Fall meeting, Wednesday, 26th Dec.
MARIANNA, Fla.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Feb.
MOBILE, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th March.
MONTGOMERY, Ala.	Bertrand Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Jan.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Louisiana Course, J. Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Dec.
NORFOLK, Va.,	and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st April.
PINEVILLE, S. C.	St. Stephen's Course, J. C. Fall. meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Jan.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday in March.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C.	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo.	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday following Cam. & Phil.
WASHINGTON CITY.	National Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.

STALLIONS FOR 1839.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 and $100—$1 to groom.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40; $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 and $100.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C., at $30 and $45.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50 the season—$1 to the groom.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the groom.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75, $100, and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his 2d season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150 and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. James W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

☞ Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of $20, in this paper, no charge will be made.

Charles Mathews, Broadway Exquisites, the Astor House.

The following graceful pencillings, from the inimitable pen of Mr. WILLIS, are contained in one of his recent "Letters from under a Bridge, in the "Mirror:"—

Your letter was short, and if this were not the commencement of a new score, I should complain of it more gravely. Writing so soon after we had parted, you might claim that you had little to say; yet I thought (over that broiled oyster after the play) that your voluble discourse would "put a girdle round the earth" in less time than Ariel. I listened to you as the child looks at the river, wondering when it would all run by. Yet that might be partly disuse in listening—for I have grown rustic with a year's seclusion. I found it in other things. My feet swelled with walking on the pavement. My eyes were giddy with the multitude of people. My mouth became parched with the excitement of greetings, and surprises, and the rising of my tones to the metropolitan pitch. I was nearly exhausted by mid-day with the "infinite deal of nothing." Homœopathy alone can explain why "patter *versus* clatter" did not finish me quite.

Ah! how admirably Charles Mathews played that night! The papers have well named him the Mercury of comedians. His playing will probably create a new school of play-*writing*—something like what he has aimed at (without sufficient study) in the pieces he has written for himself. The first thing I could imagine in the dramatic way, would be a partnership (*a la* Beaumont and Fletcher) between the stage knowledge and comic talent of Mathews, and the penetrating, natural, and observant humor of "Boz." The true "humor of the time" has scarcely been reached, on the stage, since Moliere, and it seems to me that a union of the talents of these two men (both very young) might bring about a new era in high comedy. Mathews has the advantage of having been from boyhood conversant with the most polished society. He was taken to Italy when a boy by one of the most munificent and gay noblemen of England, an intimate of his father, and, if I have been rightly informed, was his companion for several years of foreign residence and travel. I remember meeting him at a dinner-party in London three or four years since, when probably he had never thought seriously of the stage. Yet at that time it was remarked by the person who sat next me, that a better actor than the father was spoiled in the son. He was making no particular effort at humor on the occasion to which I refer, but the servants, including a fat butler of remarkable gravity, were forced to ask permission to leave the room—their laughter becoming uncontrollable. He would doubtless have doubled his profits in this country had he come as a single star; but I trust his success will be sufficient to establish him in an annual orbit—from east to west.

One goes to the city with fresh eyes after a year's absence, and I was struck with one or two things, which, in their gradual wax or wane, you do not seem to have remarked. What *Te Deum* has been chanted, for example, over the almost complete disappearance of the dandies? I saw but two while I was in New York, and in them it was nature's caprice. They would have been dandies equally in fig leaves or wampum. The era of (studiously) plain clothes arrived some years ago in England, where Count D'Orsay, and an occasional wanderer from Broadway, are the only freshly-remembered apparitions of excessively dressed men; and slow as has been its advent to us, it is sooner come than was predicted. I feared, for one, our European reputation of being the most expensive and showy of nations was based upon the natural extreme of our political character, and would last as long as the republic. I am afraid still, that the ostentation shown in dress is but turned in another channel, and that the equipages of New York more than supply the showiness abated in the costume. But even this is a step onward. Finery on the horse is better than finery on the owner. The caparison of an equipage is a more manly study than the toilet of a fine gentleman, and possesses, besides, the advantage of being left properly to the saddler. On the whole, it struck me that the *countenance* of Broadway had lost a certain flimsy and tinsel character with which it used to impress me, and had, in a manner, grown hearty and unpretentious. I should be glad to know (and none can tell me better than yourself) whether this is the outer seeming of deeper changes in our character. Streets have expressive faces, and I have long marked and trusted them. It would be difficult to feel fantastic in the sumptuous gravity of Bond-street—as difficult to feel grave in the bright airiness of the Boulevard. In these two thoroughfares you are made to feel the distinctive qualities of England and France. What say you of the changed expression of Broadway?

Miss Martineau, of all travellers, has doubtless written the most salutary book upon our manners, (*malgre* the womanish pique which distorted her judgment of Everett and others,) but there is one reproach which she has recorded against us in which I have felt some patriotic glory, but which I am beginning to fear we deserve no longer. The text of her fault-finding is the Quixotic attention of Americans to women in public conveyances, *apropos* of a gentleman's politeness who took an outside seat upon a coach to give a lady room for her feet. From what I could observe in my late two or three days' travel, I think I could encourage Miss Martineau to return to America with but a trifling risk of being too particularly attended to, even were she *incognita*, and young. We owe this *décadence* of chivalry to Miss Martineau, I think it may be safely said. In a country where every person of common education reads every book of travels in which his manners are discussed, the most casual mention of a blemish, even by a less authority than Miss Martineau, acts as an instant cautery. I venture to say that a young lady could scarcely be found in the United States, who would not give you on demand a complete list of our national faults and foibles, as recorded by Hall, Hamilton, Trollope and Martineau. Why, they form the common staple of conversation and jest. Ay, and of speculation! Hamilton's book was scarcely dry from the press before orders were made out to an immense extent for egg-cups and silver forks. Mrs. Trollope quite extinguished the trade in spit boxes, and made fortunes for the finger-glass manufacturers; and Capt. Marryatt, I understand, is besieged in every city by the importers to know upon what deficiency of table furniture he intends to be severe. It has been more than once suggested (and his manners aided the idea) that Hamilton was probably a travelling agent for the plated-fork manufactories of Birmingham. And a fair *caveat* to both readers and reviewers of future books of travels, would be an inquiry touching their probable bearing on English manufactures. I would not be illiberal to Miss Martineau, but I would ask any candid person whether the influx of thick shoes and cotton stockings simultaneously with her arrival in this country, could have been entirely an unpremeditated coincidence?

We are indebted, I think, to the *Astor House*, for one of the pleasantest changes that I noticed while away—and I like it the better, that it is a departure from our general rule of imitating English habits too exclusively. You were with us there, and can bear witness to the delightful society we met at the ladies' ordinary, while the excellence of the table and service, and the prevalence of well-bred company, had drawn the most exclusive from their private parlors, and given to the daily society of the drawing-room the character of the gay and agreeable watering-places of Germany. The solitary confinement of English hotels, always seemed to me particularly unsuited to the position and wants of the traveller. Loneliness is no evil at home, where books and regular means of employment are at hand, but to be abandoned to four walls and a portmanteau, in a strange city, of a rainy day, is what nothing but an Englishman would dream of calling comfortable. It was no small relief to *us*, on that drizzling and chilly autumn day, which you remember, to descend to a magnificent drawing-room, filled with some fifty or a hundred well-bred people, and pass away the hours as they would be passed under similar circumstances in a hospitable country-house in England. The beautiful architecture of the Astor apartments, and the sumptuous elegance of the furniture and table service, make it in a measure a peculiarity of the house; but the example is likely to be followed in other hotels and cities, and I hope it will become a national habit, as in Germany, for strangers to meet at their meals and in the public rooms. Life seems to me too short for English exclusiveness in travel.

SEMINOLE ANECDOTES.

The intrepid bravery and tender affections of one of these Indians, are strikingly verified in the following anecdote:—Having taken refuge for some time in the city of St. Augustine, and got the name of Peter, he removed his residence to St. Anastasia's Island, which makes the harbor of the city, was employed as a hunter by Mr. Fish, an English gentleman, who owned that Island, and who gave it celebrity by the culture of the sweet Orange. Peter being absent, a party of his enemies crossed the river, surprised his habitation, and murdered his wife and two children. On his return he did not hesitate a moment on the course to pursue; he fastened up his house containing the dead, repaired to Mr. Fish's dwelling near by, to borrow a gun that Mr. Fish had made with a large bore, expressly for shooting ducks in large flocks. In this Peter put an uncommon load of buck shot, and getting into his canoe, proceeded up the river, all alone, about six miles to a creek on the main, as though instinct had pointed out to him the way they went. He had not ascended the creek far, when a distant smoke, curling above the forest, apprised him of an Indian camp. He landed, and taking his course through the woods of a hostile country, discovered four Indian men setting on a log side by side, and a fifth near by employed in cooking. He circled round so as to bring the four in a range, crept up close, fired, threw down his gun, and rushed up with his tomahawk. The report, the fall of four Indians, and Peter's presence, armed with such a weapon, and not very pleasant countenance, were so sudden and impressive, that the one who was cooking neither attempted defence or flight, and became an easy prey to vengeance. By this time he found that one of the fallen was but wounded, and was endeavoring to reach his arms, but Peter had the advantage in being already armed. On searching, he found the scalps of his wife and children stretched and hung out to dry, which he brought off, with several articles of his property they had stolen, some of their arms, and the scalps of the five Indians he had killed—the greatest of all trophies, in the conceptions of the Indians—returned home and buried his wife and children the same evening, and literally pined to death over their grave. This anecdote I had from Mr. Fish, who pointed out to me poor Peter's grave.

The following instances of Seminole heroism, however, are worth mentioning. In a skirmish between a party of Spanish troops and Indians, Tohopahny, a chief, was severely wounded by a load of buck shot. He goes over it for some years, but becoming disordered from the effects of his wounds, and it being the opinion of his friends that it would at length occasion his death, he exclaimed, "It shall not be said that I was killed by a Spaniard!"—and deliberately hung himself.

Penhajo, a young man of respectable standing, had for years sought retaliation of another Indian, who had killed one of his near relations—a forfeit, invariably claimed in such cases, whether death had been accidentally inflicted, or by design, and the non-obtainance of which entails disgrace on the family of the deceased, while it disturbs his spirit in the distant country to which it has gone. Penhajo had made several long travels in vain; he could procure no tidings of his enemy. His mother became impatien, and upbraided him in public with want of energy in seeking the tribute due to her departed spirit, and her feelings. She called him an old woman—the most indignant epithet of the Indian language that can be applied to a warrior; (the harangues of old women command great respect, and have much influence on youth.) Penhajo, having coolly heard her through, brought out his rifle, and replied that there was nothing now left for him but to prove, by sending his spirit to keep company with the deceased, that he had done all he could, and that he was not an old woman, but a warrior; he should, therefore, leave to some one of his younger, but more fortunate relatives, to seek the revenge fate had denied to him. And immediately putting his toe to the trigger, launched himself into eternity.

During the invasion of East Florida, in 1812, while the city of St. Augustine was besieged, the enemy marched to the reduction of the Indian settlements of Alachula, and had entrenched himself in that section of the province. King Payne called a council of his principal warriors, but finding that dismay at their hopeless situation pervaded the whole, he thus addressed them—"It is true, we have no assistance to expect from the Spaniards, no quarter from the enemy, who is too powerful for us to withstand; such, then, as wish to move off and abandon their all, may do so, and ought to do so quickly. But it shall not be said that the son of Secoffee deserted his father's grave. To-morrow I will attack their entrenchment with such as may follow me. I may fall, but not with disgrace." About one hundred followed him to the field; they assailed the enemy three times, and were as often beaten back; and finding that he could not bring on his men the fourth time, he rode up and down within the fire of the enemy, courting support from one side, or death from the other; and in this act was shot from his horse. His men then rushed to the recovery of his body, which they effected, and fled precipitately.

St Augustine Herald.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BAHAMAS.

At Nassau (N. P.) there is a man named Duty, who keeps a hotel, or rather grog-shop. An army officer addressed a drunken man in the dress of a soldier, who was coming out of the building, with the following query:—"Sirrah! do you do duty?"

"*Do Duty!*" hiccupped the drunken fellow; "neither you, nor I, nor any other man in the regiment, could *do* the d——d old skinflint."

An appropriate Representative.—The House of Assembly for the Bahamas sits at Nassau. At the commencement of one of its sessions, a colored *gentleman* was present, whose dress was in tatters.

"Have you any business here?" asked an honorable member,

"Sar, I am one of the House—sent here, Sar, to represent Ragged Island, Sar."

"Yes, Sir," rejoined the other; "you will excuse my question, and allow me to say, that you give a devilish good idea of the place you are to represent."

A Stuttering Collector.—The collector and comptroller of customs for the por of Nassau is a haughty, self-conceited personage, fresh from England, and stutters in his conversations. A friend of mine, owing to some mistake, was refused a permit at the custom-house. His consignee then went to explain to her most gracious Majesty's officer, and was told, "If he had anything to say, he must address a letter explanatory to the collector."

"I'll know the reason why," said Capt. B——, when his consignee informed him of the result.

Pursuant with his determination, the Captain entered the office, and asked for the collector.

"I—I—I am—am the—the—person; and wha—wha—what do—do—you—you—want?" asked the collector.

"I merely called to know why you wouldn't give a verbal answer as to my permit, and I am now satisfied, as I see you havn't the gift of gab."

The collector rose in a rage, and put himself out of breath exclaiming, "you—you—go—go—go—go—"

"I'm *going*," duly rejoined my friend, as he turned to leave the room.

"You—you—go—go—go—" again exclaimed the enraged official, and was again exhausted.

"I'm *gone*," said the Captain, as he now shut the door. Meeting a clerk in the passage, he said, "you had better look after the old cock in there—he means to tell me to go to the devil, and I'm afraid he'll burst before he gets it out."

The forbidden fruit.—There is a fruit on the Island called "the forbidden," known in other parts of the world as the shaddock. One Sabbath I found myself in a negro meeting house. The congregation were of a sable sufficiently deep, but were white when compared with their pastor. This dark-skinned preacher of the word had been speaking of the propensity of man to sin, endeavoring to convince his hearers of their "total depravity." Various and ingenious were his arguments to prove his doctrine. As a dernier resort, he pulled from his coat-pocket one of the fruit which I have mentioned, and, holding it up to the audience,—twisting his ugly face, in the meantime, till it outdid ugliness, and rolling up his eyes "like a duck in a thunder-squall"—exclaimed, "brodders and sisters, to prove what I've said, for one of dese tick-skinned tings I now hold in my hand, old mother Eve sold us all to the devil!" "Oh!" was the groan from the whole congregation, while I held my head down, and nearly laughed myself into convulsions.

Boston Morning Post.

LOVE ON THE LEADS.—A gentleman and his wife lived at Paris in that happy state of domestic concord which is peculiarly adapted to the character of our lively neighbors. The lady was very handsome, very gay, and very amiable—the gentleman was well bred, good looking, and most attentive. The former was unfortunately a little of a coquette, and the latter had the bad taste to be jealous. This agreeable life was lately disturbed by a young officer of the Lancers. He fell in love with the fair lady, and the fair lady had not the heart to refuse him. The continued watchfulness of the husband prevented a meeting, and the love affair went no further than a declaration and an occasional pressure of the hand when they met in society. This was a state of things which could not be long endured. The officer was ordered to Lyons, where his regiment was quartered, and he entreated the lady to give him one rondezvous before he entered on this banishment. The lady expressed her desire of doing so, but her husband was her shadow, and she dared not leave the house without him. The lovers met at a ball, and talked over their painful situation. By degrees their conversation became so interesting, they left the crowded ball-room, and passed into one devoted to cards. From thence they sought the cooler air of the anti-chamber, then passed on to the staircase, and, with a strange forgetfulness, mounted flight after flight until they came to the dormant window. By some inadvertence the window was left open. The lover proposed that they should take a turn on the leads, as the night was mild, and the moon shone with a most attractive lustre. The lady, who had a great desire to see Encke's comet, did not refuse. The husband, who had watched their progress from the commencement, followed them up stairs, and made his appearance most inopportunely through the same dormant window. The lady fainted, and the Lancer was handed down stairs, and the husband established his reputation. Love on the leads is now a password in Paris. Who could think that the lady in question is an Englishwoman?

RACES IN 1838 NOT REPORTED.

We would call the attention of Turfmen and Breeders to the annexed list of Races that have not been reported this year, in the hope that they will take measures to ensure their stock "fair play." We desire to place upon record, in the pages of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, the pedigree and performances of every horse on the American Turf, and to accomplish this end have expended large sums in sending special correspondents to attend race meetings in every section of the country. Notwithstanding the most unwearied exertions on our part, it will be impossible to preserve an authentic and complete record of the performances of the horses of the present day, unless those interested make it the imperative duty of Secretaries of Clubs, and Clerks of Courses, to report their races for publication. In making up our annual Lists of Winning Horses at the end of the year, we shall be necessarily obliged to omit many of those who have distinguished themselves, their breeders, and their stock, unless their owners make it a point to see that their performances are duly registered. To prevent an unpleasant occurrence of this nature, we have taken pains to prepare the following list of Races this year that have not yet been reported. Gentlemen owning horses that have been winners at either of them, will therefore see the necessity of instructing the proper person to furnish a report for publication; in the event of their not being supplied from such a source, or some other, the winnings of their horses must of course be omitted. We feel that we need not impress upon breeders and those training and running horses, the manifest importance of having the performances of their "cracks" placed on record, and we invite their attention to the subject that no blame may be attached to us hereafter, for omitting their names in making up the List of Winning Horses in 1838. In the list below we have given the date at which the meetings commenced, the better to designate them; and as the required reports are sent to us, the names of the places at which the races came off will be omitted.

SPRING RACES.

Barnwell, S. C. commenced	March 13	Mount Sterling, Ky.	May 3
Buffalo, N. Y.	May 30	Nottoway, Va.	May 16
Canton, Miss.	April 10	Peoria, Ill.	May or June
Columbus, Ga.	May 8	Terre Haute, Ind.	May 2
Jackson, Tenn.	May 8	Velasco, Texas	May 1
Lewisville, Ohio	April 25		

FALL RACES.

Culpeper C. H., Va.	Sept. 17 or 25	Monticello, Mo.	Sept. 13
Dover, Ky.	Oct. 17	Mount Sterling, Ky.	Sept. 13
Dresden, Tenn.	Sept. 11 & Oct. 2	New Iberia, La., Match	Oct. 13
Fayetteville, Arks.	Oct. 4 or 16	Newport, Ky.	Sept. 19
Flemingburg, Ky.	Oct. 2	Newfoundland, N. J.	Nov. 14
Independence, Mo.	Oct. 11	Nottoway, Va.	Sept. 18
Irwinton, Ala.	Oct. 23	Olympian Springs, Ky.	Sept. 27
Jefferson City, Mo.	Sept. 26	Palmyra, Mo.	Sept. 25
Kingston, Ala.	Oct. 17	Petersburg, Tenn.	Sept. 13
Lafayette, Ill.	Oct. 16	Post of Arkansas	Oct. 25
Lafayette, Ind.	Oct. 17	Ridgeville, Md.	Aug. 21
Lancaster, Pa.	Sept. 11	Ripley, Miss.	Nov. 5
Leonardtown, Md.	Oct. 30	Sandwich, U. C.	Oct. 16
Lagrange, Tenn.	Nov. 24	Saline Course, Mo.	Nov. 1
Livingston, Ala.	Nov. 12	Springfield, Ala.	Oct. 15
Madison, Ky.	Sept. 27	St. Francisville, La., Match	Oct. 1
Memphis, Tenn.	Nov. 5	Warrenton Springs (Lee's), Va.	Sept. 18

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on the 1st day of April next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $300 each, $100 ft., for 4 year olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $ .00, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N. B. There is a Produce Stake now open for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run over the Norfolk Course in the Spring of 1842, sub. $500, $200 ft.; to name and close 1st Feb. 1839. Now 3 subs. [d22-tlo]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse, ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 21, 1838—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ——.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ——.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30. Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Ladies Purse $200, ent. $15. Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, — heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22-t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 18 (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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